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# IMPROVEMENT ERA



NOVEMBER, 1924

Vol. 28

No. 1

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD  
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S  
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-  
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE  
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~  
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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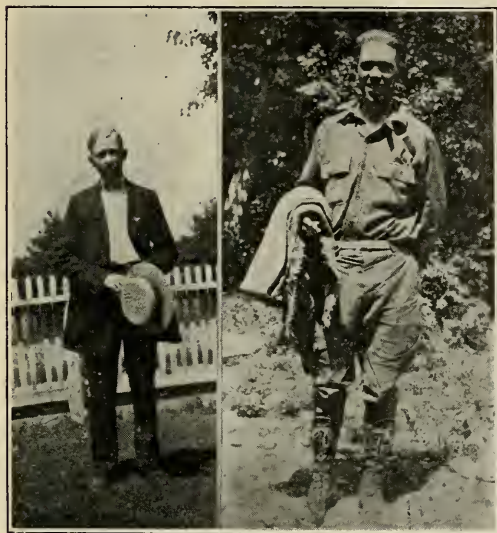
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## A Life-Saving Incident

The following incident was sent to the *Improvement Era* by J. W. Kirkbride, deputy scout commissioner of Benson stake. It tells of the life-saving of two scouts by Sterling Larson, who, for these acts of bravery was awarded a Certificate of Honor by the National Court of Honor, Daniel Carter Beard, chairman, Boy Scouts of America, dated May 26, 1924. This certificate was presented to him at the annual June conference of the M. I. A., 1924, in commendation, recognition, and appreciation of his manliness, efficiency, and quick thought and heroism, in saving the life of Gerald Kenneth Hendricks from drowning, July 19, 1923, and another life, at Lava Hot

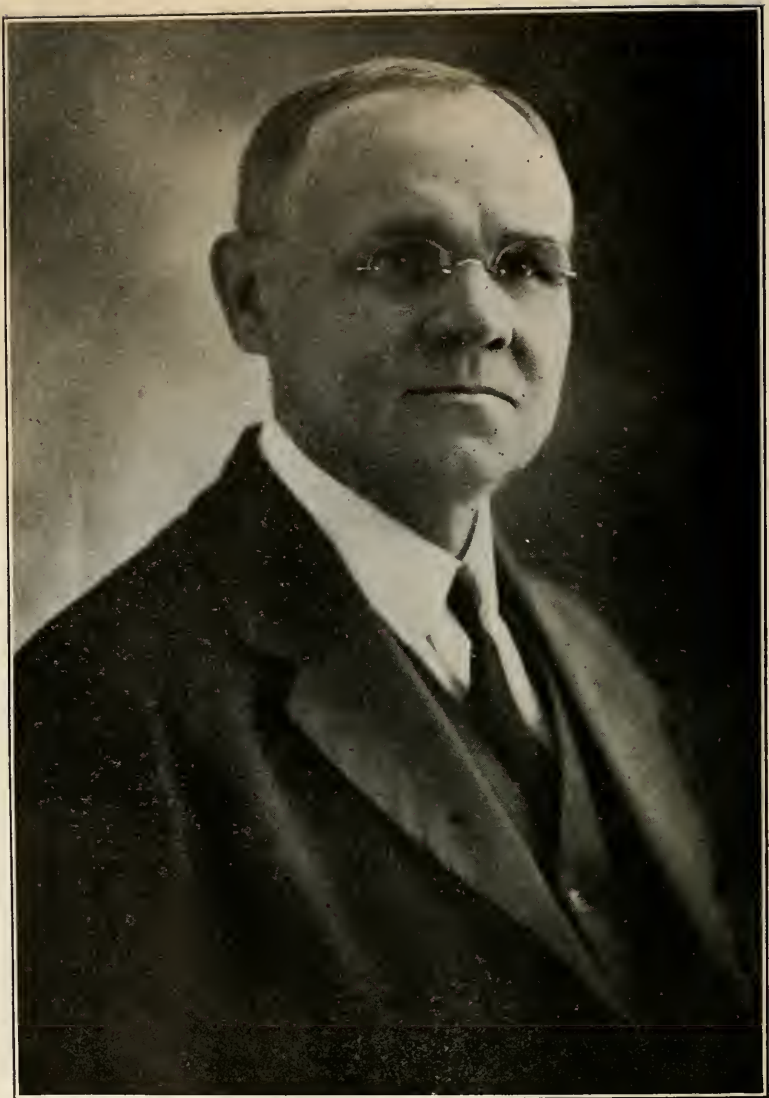


Sterling Larson.

LeRoy Nelson, Scoutmaster

Springs, Idaho. While four boy scouts were swimming in an old pool, formerly a gravel pit, located in the southeastern part of Richmond, Utah, one of the boys challenged the other to swim across the pool. Gerald Hendricks, the challenged scout, though not a good swimmer, accepted. When half way across he became exhausted and went under. Floyd Feltman, one of the scouts present, saw Gerald go down and made a brave effort to save his life, but being small, his will was stronger than his grip and he was forced to give up his task. In the meantime Sterling Larson had noticed the episode and was immediately on the spot and ready for the rescue. He threw the limp arm of his drowning comrade around his neck and held it there with one hand while with the other arm he towed his heavy burden to shore. Gerald was saved and after a short period of rest, returned safely to his home. A few weeks after this incident Scout Larson saved another life in a similar way at Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.

Sterling is one of Richmond's best boys and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. August Larson. At the time of this incident he was fifteen years old, but is at present sixteen and a junior at North Cache High. His vacations are spent at hard work on his father's farm. As a token of appreciation for his bravery, Scoutmaster LeRoy Nelson and M. A. Harrison gave the annual Fathers and Sons' banquet, Benson stake, in his honor. The banquet consisted of a splendid program followed by games and refreshments.



DR. JAMES EDWARD TALMAGE  
ONE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES

Born in Hungerford, Berks, England, Sept. 21, 1862, and therefore just started on his 63rd year. He has been successively ordained Deacon, Teacher, Elder, High Priest, and Apostle. To his present exalted position as one of the Twelve, he was ordained on Dec. 8, 1911, under the hands of President Joseph F. Smith, his counselors, and members of the Twelve. On October 24, 1924, accompanied by his wife, Sister May Booth Talmage, their daughter Helen, and son John, he sailed from Montreal, Canada, on *S. S. Montcalm*, for England, to succeed Elder David O. McKay, of the Council of Twelve, in the presidency of the European mission. The jurisdiction of this presidency covers the British mission, all the Continental missions of Europe, and in addition the Armenian and South African missions.

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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## MAN AND THE PHENOMENA OF NATURE

BY DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

Both scripture and human history reveal a significant analogy between the earth as a stellar unit, and man—with respect to the present and future state of each. Both have come under the curse, and both shall eventually be redeemed therefrom. Adam's transgression brought about a fallen condition, not of mankind alone, but likewise of the earth itself. In this and in numerous other epochal events, wherein the direct interposition of Divine action is affirmed, Nature is seen to be in intimate relation with man.

Thus the sins of mankind may produce calamity in the form of destructive phenomena, which we may properly call natural because deserved; and human righteousness may invoke peaceful and beneficent cooperation from the elements.

"*Cursed is the ground for thy sake,*" was the Divine fiat to the first man. In contrast, note the assurance given to Israel that by faithfulness the seasons should be made propitious, that nurturing rains should come, bringing such harvests that the people would lack room to store their products. See Mal. 3:8-12.

Abject apostasy from the laws of God in Noah's time brought about the Deluge, in which "*were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows [more properly flood-gates] of heaven were opened.*"

Enoch, who lived before Noah, was sent to proclaim repentance to the degenerate race, and so great was the power and authority vested in him that "*he spake the word of the Lord, and the earth trembled, and the mountains fled, even according to his command; and the rivers of water were turned out of their course.*" He foresaw the coming of the Noachian flood, and the events of history, including the Savior's ministry, down to the days of the Lord's second advent, when "*the*

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*heavens shall be darkened and a veil of darkness shall cover the earth; and the heavens shall shake, and also the earth."*

As a fit setting for the tragedy on Calvary, a pall of darkness fell about the place, and when the crucified Lord expired, "*the earth did quake, and the rocks rent.*"

On the Western Continent widespread disruption signalized the Savior's death; and destruction befell the wicked who had flouted prophetic warnings and admonitions to repentance. Many of the Nephites had forgotten the signs and wonders by which the fact of the Lord's birth had been made known, and had fallen into abominable wickedness. Then, at the time of the crucifixion, great and terrible tempests broke over the land, with thunderings, lightnings, and both elevations and depressions of the earth's crust, so that mountains were sundered, and many cities were destroyed by earthquake, fire, and the inrush of the sea. For three hours the unprecedented holocaust continued; and then thick darkness fell, in which it was found impossible to kindle a fire. The awful gloom was like unto the darkness of Egypt in that its clammy vapors could be felt. This condition lasted until the third day, so that a night and a day and a night were as one unbroken night; and the impenetrable blackness was rendered the more terrible by the wailing of the people, whose heartrending refrain was everywhere the same: "O that we had repented before this great and terrible day!" Then, piercing the darkness, a Voice was heard, proclaiming that the destruction had come because of wickedness, and that such of the people as had lived to hear were the more righteous of the inhabitants, and to them hope was offered on condition of more thorough repentance and reformation.

Calamitous phenomena, before which the wicked shall fall, are definitely predicted as accompaniments of the second advent of our Lord. This is the prediction made through the prophet Joseph Smith in these days; and the fulfilment is nigh:

*"For not many days hence, and the earth shall tremble and reel to and fro as a drunken man; and the sun shall hide his face, and shall refuse to give light; and the moon shall be bathed in blood; and the stars shall become exceedingly angry, and shall cast themselves down as a fig that falleth from off a fig tree. And after your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people. For after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes, and shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground, and shall not be able to stand. And also cometh the testimony of the voice of thunderings, and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea heaving themselves beyond their bounds. And all things shall be in commotion, and surely men's hearts shall fail them; for fear shall come upon all people."*

It may be argued that the storms, earthquakes, and other destructive occurrences heretofore cited are not natural but supernatural phe-

nomena, especially inflicted by Divine intent. Say rather that these happenings are supernaturally directed, following naturally and inevitably the sins of mankind and the unregenerate state of the race.

*"The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant."*

That the phenomena of Nature may be restrained or allowed, or even invoked by Divine power will not be denied by any devout theist. The Lord's control over matter and energy is direct and complete as he wills to exercise it; his word of command is sufficient.

*"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God \* \* \* And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."*

This sublime affirmation as to the antemortal Godship of Jesus Christ, recorded by John, the Apostle and Revelator, is in harmony with the Father's declaration to Moses that the creation of the world had been wrought through his Son Jesus Christ, whom he designated *"The Word of my Power."*

There is omnipotence in the Voice of God. This is evidenced by Christ's miracle in stilling the tempest. You know the story. The Master and some of the disciples were afloat on the turbulent sea. It was night; and Jesus after an arduous day of ministry was asleep. The storm increased in fury, and the disciples were terror-stricken. In their extremity of fear they awakened Jesus, crying, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" and "Lord, save us: we perish."

Then he arose, and out through the darkness of that fearsome night, into the roaring wind, over the storm-lashed sea, went the voice of the Lord as he *"rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, Peace be still. And the wind ceased and there was a great calm."* Turning to the disciples he asked in tones of gentle yet unmistakable reproach: "Where is your faith?" and "How is it that we have no faith?" Gratitude for rescue from what but a moment before had seemed impending death was superseded by amazement and fear. *"What manner of man is this,"* they asked one of another, *"that even the wind and the sea obey him?"*

Among the recorded miracles of Christ none has elicited greater diversity of comment, and in attempt at elucidation, than has this instance of control over the forces of Nature. Science ventures no explanation.

The Lord of earth, air and sea spake and was obeyed. He it was who, amidst the black chaos of creation's earliest stages, had commanded with immediate effect—Let there be light; Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters; Let the dry land appear—and as he decreed, so it was.

The dominion of the Creator over the created is real and absolute. A small part of that dominion has been committed to man, as the offspring of God, tabernacled in the very image of his Divine Father.

But man exercises that delegated control through secondary agencies, and by means of complicated mechanism. Man's power over the objects of his own devising is limited.

It is in accordance with the curse evoked by the Fall, which came through transgression, that by the strain of his muscle, by the sweat of his brow, and by stress of his mind, shall man achieve. His word of command is but a sound-wave in air, except it be followed by labor. Through the Spirit that emanates from Deity, and which pervades all space, the command of God is immediately operative.

Not man alone but also the earth and all the elemental forces pertaining thereto came under the curse; and as the soil no longer brought forth only good and useful fruits, but gave of its substance to nurture thorns and thistles, so the several forces of Nature ceased to be obedient to man as agencies subject to his direct command.

What we call natural forces—heat, light, electricity, chemical affinity—are but a few of the manifestations of eternal energy through which the Creator's purposes are subserved; and these few, man is able to direct and utilize only through special contrivance and physical adjustment.

But the earth shall yet be "renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory;" and then soil, water, air and the forces acting upon them shall directly respond to the command of glorified man, as now they obey the word of the Creator.

The vital Spirit that emanates from Deity may operate directly and with as positive effect upon inanimate things, and upon energy in its diverse manifestations, as upon organized intelligences whether unembodied, mortal, or disembodied.

Thus, the Lord commanded demons and they obeyed him. And thus he may speak directly to the earth, the air, the sea, and be heard and obeyed, for the Divine immanence, the sum of all energy and power, operates throughout the universe.

That through faith, even mortal man may set in operation the forces that act upon matter has been explicitly declared by Jesus Christ: *"For verily I say unto you: If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain: Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."*

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## The Temple

Thou mighty edifice, erected by the Saints of God  
 To the glory of his name, that his principles may be taught;  
 His ordinances performed; his mighty will proclaimed;  
 That his children, present, past and yet to come,  
 May hear his word and all be judged according to the common law.  
*Therefore, may we thy holy precincts venerate, and sacred hold  
 the covenants espoused, that station we may have within thy  
 walls, and place among the Saints of God, thus to progress  
 eternally, through Jesus, the Redeemer of mankind. AMEN.*  
 Glenwoodville, Alberta, Canada. WILLARD GREENE RICHARDS.

# CHRIST DIED—DO WE CARE?

BY FRANK C. STEELE

This startling caption was used by an influential English magazine recently in launching a series of searching articles on the indifference exhibited by the public in the religion of the day. "Christ Died—Do We Care?" The evidence of the decay of the church in the hearts and lives of the people is to be found in the empty pews, the frank criticism of fundamental tenets and the modern trend of thought as expressed in Literature and Art.

Are the people groping for something they cannot find in the churches? Do they ask for bread and receive a stone?

These and other questions were put to a group of eminent Englishmen, including fifty bishops of the Church of England. In introducing the subject matter, the editor of the magazine—*Pearson's Magazine*—states that only five bishops replied. These five, while frankly admitting the failing grip of the church on its people, were hopeful of a change for the better in the near future.

Men of the laity were more explicit. In answer to an invitation by *Pearson's* to express himself on the confession of the Archbishop of York that "Religion attracts, but the church repels," H. G. Wells, the novelist, said:

"The world today is a very tragic and anxious world, and the desire for a peace of mind and a courage such as only deep and pure convictions can supply has never been so strong and so widespread. More people are asking today, and asking with a new intensity: 'What must I do to be saved?' and the trouble with the Christian churches is that they give a confused, unconvincing and unsatisfying answer.

"This is an age of great distresses, but it is also an age of cold, abundant light. People know more than was ever known before in the history of the world of life in space and time, of the origin of the creeds and symbols of Christianity, of the possibilities of human existence.

"People are 'repelled' when they embark upon tedious explanations of the multiplicity and unity of the Deity. Within a few score years of the crucifixion, Christianity had become hopelessly involved with ceremonies and superstitions of immemorial antiquity and with a theology embodying the imperfectly embalmed philosophy of Alexandria. In a less critical age it was possible for many to live holy and noble lives within the terms of these old formulae, but today, when intellectual integrity is being recognized as a primary moral obligation, this can be done no longer. Until Christianity sheds these priestly and theological encumbrances it will encounter greater and greater difficulty in serving Him it claims as its Founder, the Son of Man."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle answered that what the people wanted was available. He held up the psychic movement as a solution, arguing that spiritualism would "replace faith by direct knowledge and make religion and science the same thing."

"When the war challenge came, the church did not understand the problem, and if it did it was afraid to face it. It preferred shelter,

and the more honestly it did this the more complete was the proof it gave that it had become a civil service or a department of state instead of the ambassador of the Divine Kingdom. \* \* \* The church will succeed only by going back to the gospels," wrote J. Ramsay MacDonald, premier of Great Britain.

Gloomy indeed is the religious outlook as seen by W. L. George, the novelist. He says: "This is what has happened: The breach has been made, and religion is tumbling down. Churchman, Roman Catholic, Jew, Nonconformist, all are slowly turning away from the idea of a personal God. The Musselman and Buddhist will follow. The time will come when no man believes."

Scores of readers of *Pearson's* voiced their opinion in letters, a common vein running through the whole being that the clergy moved in a world apart from the world of the people, and thus is powerless to meet or even understand the desires and cravings of the congregation. One said that in the time of sorrow and sacrifice the people "begged for bread and the churches gave them a stone, for" this writer continued, "their doctrines, forms and customs are contemporary with the soaring columns and carvings of the Middle Ages."

This all sounds strange to a Latter-day Saint. Truly we can give thanks to our Father for the blessings of the Restoration. God's plan for a ministry bridges the gulf between the clergy and the laity for his clergy and his laity are as one. But that is not all, he has guarded against sterility, reaction and human blindness by establishing a line of communication between himself and his chosen priesthood upon the earth.

"There must be something wrong," writes the editor of *Pearson's Magazine* at the close of the series. He is correct. There is something wrong and that something is the loss of divine authority in the religious world.

*Lethbridge, Canada.*

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## The Awakening

"Too late to love or to be loved," said I,  
 "As poets sing, or Youth and Beauty dream.  
 My soul has calloused grown, and drear and cold,  
 Chilled by reverses, poverty and care."  
 Low whispered I, "Poor heart, poor aching void,  
 Cease thy complaint, 'tis human destiny!"  
 A sweet, far voice, tangible, replied,  
 "Oh, thou, of little faith, this is *not* all.  
 Somewhere there waits the answer to your dreams—  
 Sweeter in fond reality, than fairest dream."  
 And lo, You came—came like a wondrous strain  
 Of throbbing, half-forgotten melody—  
 Into my life, awakened Love's free pulse;  
 Changed all the gray despair to roseate hue;  
 With paeans of bliss repaid my hungry soul,  
 And *Thou* the "Keynote" of the perfect whole.

*Provo, Utah.*

CORAL J. BLACK.

## SHOULD AN ELDER CHOOSE HIS MISSION?

BY TAYLOR NELSON, PRESIDENT OF ONEIDA STAKE OF ZION

It is not uncommon for our brethren who are preparing to go upon missions to have a desire to select their fields of labor. Some with the thought in mind that if they could fill missions in Germany or France they could acquire a language and thereby add to their college credits, others with a desire to travel in certain parts of the world or to visit the land of their parents' nativity.

Commendable as these desires may be, I hope the following narrative will tend to strengthen the thought that there is safety in following the lead of the holy priesthood.

In the early spring of 1898, about forty elders were called from the various conferences comprising the Southern States mission, by Mission President Elias S. Kimball, and a conference was organized in Georgia where little or no mission work had been done for a number of years. The writer was one of four elders called from the Southern Alabama conference. Shortly after reaching the new conference he was appointed to travel with Elder Daniel H. Kimball of Salt Lake City.

On a pleasant afternoon in June, we were tracting and conversing with the people as usual, when we approached a man who was working in a cotton field near his house. We introduced ourselves, when he said, "Gentlemen, I am very glad to meet you." Continuing he added, "When I was a lad I found myself penniless and among strangers in Alabama. One evening I called at a farm house and asked for something to eat. The good lady of the home invited me in and gave me supper. Then she provided me with a comfortable bed. The next morning she supplied a delicious lunch for me to eat while on my way. Then she said, 'Now, my boy, you are welcome to all I have done for you, but I want to make this one request—if ever in your life time elders of the 'Mormon' Church should call on you and it is within your power to do them a favor, I ask you to do so.'"

"Now, gentlemen," continued Mr. W. (pointing to a cottage near by), "there is my home. You are welcome to the best I have, and in fact I shall feel bad if you do not accept my hospitality."

At this point Mr. W.'s wife came to where we were standing. "Mother," he said, "these are 'Mormon' elders."

She sighed, and said, "Is it possible?"

She then asked this question, "What must a person do in order to be saved in the kingdom of heaven?"

I answered the question by quoting from the scriptures and making a few comments on the same. At this Mrs. W. returned to the house.

We held a number of meetings in the neighborhood, at which these people were in attendance. About eight months passed when the W. family applied for baptism. Elder Kimball having been released to return home, in the meantime, I was asked to journey from another part of the state to perform the sacred rite. I now write the interesting part of our narrative as told to me by Mrs. W. upon the day of her baptism:

"It was twenty-seven years ago that I gave myself up to humble prayer that the Lord would guide me to the truth, as I could not believe true the teachings of the churches with which I was familiar. The Lord answered my prayers by showing me in a dream two men, one of middle age and one a youth who, I was given to understand, were teaching the gospel in its fulness. When I saw you elders from my window the day you were speaking with my husband on the roadside, I recognized you as being the men I saw in the dream, and said to my daughters, 'There are the men I have been waiting to see for twenty-seven years. They are ministers of the gospel, and I am going to ask them a question.' When I went to where you were standing and Mr. W. stated that you were 'Mormon' elders, I was the most disappointed person in all the world. But I was able to pluck up enough courage to ask the same question that I asked in my dream, 'What must a person do in order to be saved in the kingdom of heaven?' The young man answered the question. [Elder Kimball was forty-seven while I was in my nineteenth year.] On answering this question you quoted the same scriptures and made the same comments that you did when you spoke to me in my dream, not leaving out nor adding one word. I knew you were the men I had seen before. Your dress, your manners, your features, were the same, all of which were so vividly impressed upon my mind that time could never erase them. From the moment that question was answered by you, it has not been a matter as to whether 'Mormonism' is the truth, but it has taken these eight months of prayer and supplication to the Lord to give me courage to bid my friends goodby, and to step into that unpopular Church."

*Preston, Idaho*

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## Pleasant Reminders

Smile and be glad! All the world is now saying it;  
 Beautiful law—we should all be obeying it;  
 Heart to heart, eye to eye, in love's language conveying it.  
 Let us all smile and be glad.

Work and be well! This the wise ones are teaching us.  
 For service kind the world needs are beseeching us.  
 We need the strength which the effort is reaching us.  
 Work wisely, rest and be well.

Pray and feel safe! Our Father is hiding us  
 From the fierce wave over which he is tiding us.  
 Let us cling close to his love which is guiding us.  
 Pray always! Pray and be safe,

*St. George, Utah.*—September 8, 1924.

LULA GREENE RICHARDS.

## MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

"According to John, the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy; therefore, if I profess to be a witness or teacher, and have not the spirit of prophecy, which is the testimony of Jesus, I must be a false witness; but if I be a true teacher and witness, I must possess the spirit of prophecy, and that constitutes a prophet; and any man who says he is a teacher or preacher of righteousness, and denies the spirit of prophecy, is a liar, and the truth is not in him; and by this key false teachers and imposters may be detected."—*Joseph Smith, the Prophet, History of the Church*, Vol. 5, page 215.

### People of West Virginia Religiously Inclined

Ray J. Dawson, conference president of the West Virginia North Conference, reports on August 21, 1924, that the conference is doing well. "The people are very religiously inclined and we do not have very great difficulty in getting them into conversation. Much successful work has been performed here in past years and it shows the effect put forth by previous missionaries. At present many investigators are accepting the gospel."



Elders left to right:—(standing) John A. Allbright, supt. of the Mt. Savage Sunday School, Cumberland, Maryland; F. A. Gealta, Ogden; Francis O'Neil, Ogden; W. O. Lamborn, Laketown; Luella B. Owen, Logan, Utah; F. E. Wardell, Cowley, Wyoming; Iretta M. Hansen, Richfield; C. G. Edmunds, Salt Lake City; R. D. Stephens, Ogden; C. M. Whittle, Preston, Idaho. Front row:—Elder P. E. Randall, North Ogden; Eva Lewis, mission recorder; J. W. Rowe, branch president Fairmont branch; B. H. Roberts, President Eastern States mission; R. J. Dawson, conference president West Virginia North conference; Della Barlow, Preston, Idaho; B. E. Johnson, Cowley, Wyoming; R. H. Wood, Liberty, Idaho.

### An Outing in Sweden

David C. Carlson, secretary of the Swedish mission, reports under date of August 29, a conference of the mission, in July, at which President and

Sisiter David O. McKay visited for several days giving good counsel to the Saints and missionaries. The meetings were well attended.



A group of missionaries of the Gavle conference, north of Stockholm: Back row, left to right, Oscar Sander, conference president; Gustave E. Johnson, Salt Lake City; Vance O. Lind, Lynn, Utah; Charles Anderson, Seattle, Washington, honorably released conference president; Einer I. Applequist, Salt Lake City. Sitting President Hugo D. E. Peterson, wife and daughter.

During the conference, on July 15, the Saints of the Stockholm branch of the Church enjoyed an outing in Haga Park. In the *Millennial Star*, August 21, President McKay writes that he became impressed with the significance of the occasion on account of the singing of the choir which attracted a curious and interested audience to the picturesque spot of the majestically-wooded playground. He then proceeds:

"Between the Latter-day Saint group and the listeners was a space of several yards, which remained as unclaimed and untrampled as 'no man's land.' There was no difficulty, therefore, in distinguishing the line that divided the two crowds. So, I thought, is the Church set apart from the world. Such a separation or grouping is inevitable. Not that the members of the Church arrogate to themselves one thought that they are better than others; nor that they refuse to associate with people of other beliefs; but simply because their ideals are not of the world. As the author of 'Salt Lake: the city of the Saints,' in *Harper's* has aptly said: 'You can not live the social life with people who eat and drink and amuse themselves in a totally different way from yourself.' On this occasion, it was significant that among the visiting group three-fourths of the men were smoking; but among the Latter-day Saints, not one.

"A pleasing feature, besides the excellency of the singing, was the choice of the songs sung. No wonder the crowd stood for an hour in rapture! 'The groves were God's first temples;' and in that primeval temple, choruses of praise and thanksgiving were rendered with a meaning and spirit seldom, if ever, heard in that park. \* \*

"Only those who were present can appreciate the beauty, the grandeur, the solemnity of that scene in Haga Park! The setting was perfect; the spirit of the occasion ideal. We shall remember it not only for its beauty and inspiration, but also because the two groups of people, the choir, and the combination of glories in

forest and sky illustrated to the thoughtful observer distinct features for which the Church of Christ has always stood, and for which it must ever stand, viz.:

"1. Leadership—not isolation—but leadership with participation in only that which is good. It is 'in the world—yet not of the world.'

"2. Strict abstinence from narcotics and personal indulgences that tend to deteriorate the physical man.

"3. The realization in this life of the Good, the True, the Beautiful—in nature as well as in art.

"These and kindred thoughts inspired all present with feelings best expressed by Emerson as follows: 'In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith.' In those words that evening, hearts came closer to one another, and nearer in harmony with God."

## The Hague Branch Flourishes

Mark J. Hampton, branch president of The Hague, Holland, writes that an interesting baptismal meeting was held by the North Sea on the 21st of August, with himself and President J. J. DeBry in attendance. "A large number of Saints and investigators were present at the beach. Songs were sung, and the enjoyment of those present was universally expressed. The Hague is one of the largest branches in the mission and in a flourishing condition. We are always happy upon the arrival of the *Era*."

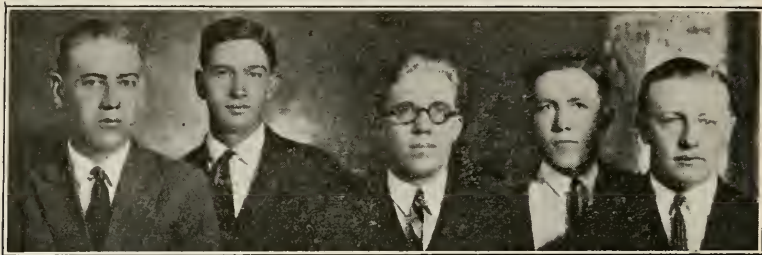


"Missionaries, front row, left to right: Mark J. Hampton, branch president; J. J. DeBry, conference president, Salt Lake City; Johannes Sipkema, Amsterdam. Back row: Hendrik Poelman, Magna; Nicolaes Teerlink, Salt Lake City, Utah."

## Selling the Book of Mormon

Heber J. Webb, conference clerk of the Arizona branch conference, California mission, reports branch conferences held at Jerome and Chino on the last days of August respectively, two highly enjoyed sessions being held in each branch where the cause is progressing satisfactorily. "The Saints of Jerome are highly commended for the progress made in that branch during the short period of eleven months since it was organized. President Joseph W. McMurrin gave very encouraging advice and counsel in both branches which must prove strengthening to the testimonies of all who were present. Elders J. Frank Robinson, Heber J. Webb, T. A. Christenson and H. A.

Bjork gave brief reports of the missionary activities in northern Arizona. A Book of Mormon contest is staged in the California mission in which the elders of the Arizona conference are taking an active part. Two hundred thirty Books of Mormon were sold during August by eight missionaries. It is considered common for one missionary here to sell as high as twelve in one day. The elders left the branch meetings with a determination to exceed their past record in placing the Book of Mormon in the hands of non-members.



"Missionaries, left to right: Herman A. Bjork, Heber J. Webb, Myron Barber Child, Theodore A. Christenson, J. Frank Robinson, conference president."

## Sixteen Baptized in Texas

Sixteen converts were baptized in the North Texas conference of the Central States, in 1923. All the missionaries have worked diligently to



Missionaries and members of the North Texas conference, top row, left to right: Alton L. Nelson, Redmond; Samuel O. Bennion, Central States Mission President; Verna Williamson, Ogden; George M. Abraham, Byron, Wyoming. Middle row: J. Elmer Moss, Ririe; LaVern J. Stone Blackfoot, Idaho; Minerva Jensen, Centerfield, Utah; Jessiemine O. Bouten, Ft. Worth, Texas; Pansy Krimbow, San Angelo, Texas; Theron Whiteley, Pleasant Grove. Front row: Wilford J. Ward, Iona, Idaho; N. LeGrande Larsen, Logan; Melba June Krimbow, San Angelo, Texas; Harold N. Pugmire, Liberty, Idaho; R. A. Allsop, Sandy; James E. Peterson, conference president, Cedar Vale, Utah; Arnot Bouton, Ft. Worth, Texas; and Clayton Krimbow, San Angelo, Texas.

explain the gospel to the people and their efforts have not been in vain. In the cities and in the country a good work has been done. The distribution of the Book of Mormon and Bible commentaries is increasing. On August 14 the North Texas conference met together, President Samuel O. Bennion and some visiting lady missionaries being present. A Priesthood and an evening meeting were held, with 75 people present at the latter, who listened to a powerful discourse by President Bennion. The elders of the conference extend their appreciation for the useful information that is always printed in the *Era*, and wish to be remembered to their co-workers in the mission field, both at home and abroad, through it.—*James E. Peterson*, Ft. Worth, Texas, conference president.

## Hardships Bring Advantages

F. Orin Woodbury, conference president, Hanover, Germany, reports satisfactory progress in this conference. "In spite of the united campaign by secretaries in churches to oust us from this district, the progress has been even more remarkable than ever. Special public meetings have been held where 'the Mormon Menace' has been described in such glowing terms of falsehood by unprincipled pastors and 'people who know,' that a very unfriendly feeling has been aroused against us. However, we have baptized thirty-six people during the past two months. So we feel that the efforts of



Elders Hanover conference, May 17-19, 1924, (front row, left to right): Glen A. Rowe, conference president, Hamburg; Clyde H. Wilcox, conference president Cologne; Henry Glissmeyer, Eliza W. Tadge, President Fred Tadge, F. Orin Woodbury, conference president, Hanover; Otto Beuhner, Milton B. Cannon, conference president, Stettin. Middle row: Oliver L. Richards, Stanley H. Hanks, John D. Montague, Emil Reimann, Elmer Bacon, Harry J. Deardorf, Wells C. Bowen, Paul J. Janke, Mark H. Pyne, Joel J. Summerhays, August H. Lohman. Back row, Lanell N. Lunt, Erwin J. Druk, Arthur F. Angel, Henry Hofer, Garvin G. McKell, Paul H. Williams, Horace P. Beesley, Max Lamprecht, Robert C. Sloan, Eugene Maier, John D. Phillips, Erich O. Hubert.

the eighteen elders working in this conference have not been in vain. The reigns of government in this district have in many cases been taken over by members of the Catholic church who assume an attitude of intolerance toward us. For the past month in this city we have had no regular meeting place. Extreme shortage in housing facilities since the war has caused the city government to assume control of all buildings and a great many of the halls and large business rooms have been requisitioned and remodeled for dwelling purposes. All these hardships, however, bring with them a number of advantages. They serve to humble and unite our Saints and strengthen them to withstand the unpleasantness thrown at them daily because of their religious beliefs."

## Interesting Celebrations at Hull

From K. Marsel Widtsoe, president of the Hull conference, England, the *Era* receives an encouraging report of their missionary work: "It is with complacency that we report the work of the Lord progressing in this part of his vineyard. The virulent opposition encountered a few years ago has fallen to a low ebb. We are now making many friends and the message of the restoration of the gospel is spreading. Through the columns of the *Era* we extend greetings to our many friends and co-laborers in all parts of the earth."

The elders of the Sheffield, Leeds and Hull conferences met on July 4 in the ancient city of York and celebrated in good old Yankee fashion. They



Elders front row, left to right: Kenneth A. Brady, Floyd C. Stuart, Ernest C. Moore, Lavon E. Darley, Horace Y. Whittle. Second row: Harley K. Fernelius, F. Peter Jones, Samuel P. Martin, John H. Tanner, David D. Lamph, president Leeds conference; K. Marsel Widtsoe, president, Hull conference; Fielding K. Smith, president Sheffield conference; G. Kimball Mellor, Willard Boden, William Ned Newell, Orlando J. Condie. Third row: George C. Midgley, LeRoy D. Tingey, Don C. Thurgood, George H. Adamson; William G. Jackson, Parley A. Peterson, Ellis A. Hipwell, Rowland V. Walker, Rollo E. Watkins, Elvarus H. Parry, J. Earl Wardle. Fourth row: Alex. X. Gooding, Elwood G. Meadows, J. Leland Behunin, Lyle A. Riggs, Robert G. Gibbons, John F. Barker, Fred G. Stoddard, Vernon P. Cole, John C. Hooper.

were obeying an impulse to commemorate and offer thanksgiving for the noble services of the founders of the great American nation, and to meet with their fellowmen. In the morning, places of interest were visited such as the York Minster, remains of the Roman occupation of northern England, relics of the medieval days, Rowntree's Cocoa Works, etc. The afternoon program included games and athletic contests on the York Knavesmire, where, during the troublesome time of the English reformation, many Catholic priests and sympathizers were hanged. The main contest was a baseball game between Sheffield and Leeds, Sheffield being victorious. In the evening a banquet was held in one of the cafes. Speeches and toasts were given. It is doubtful whether they could have had a better time in America. On July 24 the three conferences met at Doncaster and engaged in a similar celebration. This time, however, to signalize the achievements of our pioneer forefathers.

## Albany Warned

Just recently the Albany conference, Eastern States Mission, held its semi-annual conference, according to President William C. Tebbs who writes the *Era* on August 19. The crowd in attendance listened attentively to a discourse by President B. H. Roberts in which he mentioned the fate awaiting Albany, prophesied by Joseph Smith, in Doc. & Cov. 84:114,115; also 1:13, 14. Though the conference is now left with a very small force, they are "more determined than ever that the splendid work shall go on in the same high manner as it has in the past, and that each will put forth an extra effort to do his part to keep the work of the Lord going on. Some very spirited street meetings have been held and large crowds have listened to our message." The elders and sisters laboring in Binghampton report their branch growing fast and a wonderful spirit being manifest among all the members.

The missionaries are J. Raymond Siddoway, Vernal; Vernon D. Law, outgoing conference president, Logan; William C. Tebbs, conference president, Panguitch, Utah; Arnold L. Johnson, Preston, Idaho; Leland G. Larsen, Duchesne; Ida Lazelle Chase, Nephi; Maude Lemmon, Hurricane, Utah; Harold G. Clark, Mesa, Arizona; Elsie C. Ross, Provo; Lillian Wight, Brigham City; William J. Kotter, Brigham City, Utah.

## Nine Hundred Attend Conference

A successful, interesting, and faith-promoting semi-annual conference of the Berlin conference was held July 12 and 13. Among those attending were President and Sister Tadge, Orson W. Kasteler, mission secretary; and the following conference presidents accompanied by many of their elders: Orin Woodbury of Hanover; LeRoy Brunnel of Breslau; President Rhodes of Leipzig; M. B. Cannon of Stettin; and President Nibley of Berlin. Conference opened with a missionary session in which President Tadge requested each of the elders to speak on these points: Attitude toward partner; branch president, conference president, mission president, attitude toward the mission rules, what should be done to improve the conference, and one of the accomplishments of the Church since its founding. The Priesthood, officers and teachers all met in the evening where many fine talks were given and the good condition of the conference reported. The third session was a Sunday School conference. The children gave a program of singing, including solos and choruses; recited poems, gave verses pertaining to the Book of Mormon; and Sister Tadge spoke on Order, illustrating her point by telling a story of the good fairy. President Tadge also addressed the congregation. Then there was a meeting of the Relief Society workers in which a report of their work was made and instructions given. Their motto is, "Always use

pleasant words, for they do not cost us anything." There were 720 people present at the afternoon general session who heard many good sermons on subjects such as the accomplishments of Joseph Smith, baptism, relationship of God to man, the disregard of the world for the teachings of the servants of the Lord, etc. In the final session, along with sermons, hymns, and prayers, the oratorio, "The Vision," was rendered by the Centrum choir, under the direction of Friedrich Radichel. Too much praise cannot be given of the faithful and diligent work of the members of this choir in preparing and presenting such a wonderful piece of music. Nine hundred were present at this meeting—*Fred Tadjé*, President of the Swiss-German Mission.

## Twenty Baptisms Anticipated

Elder Houston Hatch, president Rochester conference, Eastern States Mission, reports a meeting held at Rochester, New York, June 25 and 26, with President B. H. Roberts in attendance. "Three excellent and well attended meetings were held and the 150 people who attended were strengthened and enlightened in the gospel. The Rochester conference planned to hold a celebration at the Joseph Smith farm in Palmyra, on the 24th of July. Every year the members of the conference gather at the farm and hold a reunion. This year we expect to have about twenty baptisms at that time. All is well in western New York, the birthplace of the Church, and we hope to be able to enlighten the people in this vicinity of this very important event that happened in their midst."



Missionaries Rochester conference, left to right, standing: G. M. Handy, Boise, Idaho; A. I. Bankhead, Logan; J. L. Emmett, Ogden; Ruth Tillman, Newark, New Jersey; Jessie W. Hoops, Sr., Brigham City; Houston Hatch, conference president, Panguitch. Sitting: L. W. Paice, Beaver; Cecil Tebbs, Panguitch; President B. H. Roberts, Mrs. B. H. Roberts, J. L. Thornley, Layton, Utah.

## Twelve Baptisms in West Virginia

A general conference was held in Southwest Virginia, July 12-14. This was the second successful conference held in the new chapel since its dedication Jan. 6, 1924. Three sessions were held in Charleston and one in Huntington. Many friends, investigators and Saints attended the service, the average attendance being about one hundred and forty. President B. H. Roberts delivered three very impressive discourses on the gospel as the power

of God unto salvation; and one, on the first two great commandments. We were also honored with the presence of Sister Margaret C. Roberts. The elders now laboring in the country, and the lady missionaries working in Charleston and Huntington are meeting with much success. Many friends are being made in all parts of the conference, and twelve new members have been added to the fold the past two months. The missionaries, Saints, and friends, take this opportunity to express their heartfelt appreciation for the *Improvement Era*. It is a bulwark of strength to everyone who enjoys its well edited pages. It is the magazine that we look to for good substantial Church and civic work.



Missionaries of West Virginia South Conference, left to right, back row: C. D. Bartschi, T. J. Norton, E. O. Neilson, T. J. Barton, William H. Ohlwiler. Center row: William P. Lambert, Emily Cox, Della Barlow, West Virginia North conference; Emma Lundeburg, M. H. Burton. Front row: J. W. Halls, Lapreal Jones, B. H. Roberts, Mission President; Margaret C. Roberts, C. G. Murdock, conference president; Hortence Green.

## Church Organizations in Philadelphia

The *Era* receives a report of the organizations in the Philadelphia branch, Eastern States Mission, from Elder George Stoll, Sr. About 100 members are enrolled and the branch receives considerable assistance from the Universities, as from forty to sixty Latter-day Saints attend school who come from Utah, Idaho, and various parts of the intermountain region. The average attendance at Sacrament meetings up to the end of July was 74. Regular monthly union meetings are held and the branch presidency with the conference president holds weekly meetings. Much good is being accomplished in the Relief Society. Bazaars and many other social activities are conducted and they have to their credit over \$1500 for a new church building. The Sunday school has gradually advanced, there being 30 in average attendance, or 90% of the enrollment. The Mutual has had separate organizations of young men and young ladies for a year, with splendid results.

The average attendance is 48. Much is expected from the Mutual since it is under the able leadership of Karl DeHaas, who has had wide experience with the young people in Church work. From four to six elders labor in and around Philadelphia. Ten baptisms have been held since the first of the year and two were scheduled for August. In the summer the elders labor in rural districts without purse or scrip and wonderful testimonies come to them, all of which add strength to the faith of the Saints. In general, the public receives the elders in a fair way and treats them kindly. A very remarkable picture of the Philadelphia branch conference presidency, and the presidencies and officers of the Relief Society, Sunday school, Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A., and the missionaries was sent to the *Era*, but we regret that it is too large for satisfactory reproduction in an *Era* page.

## Making Many Friends in New Zealand

LeGrand Hunsaker, Auckland, New Zealand, reports that the elders are enjoying their labors among the Europeans of that city. "We recently instituted street meetings in Auckland where these have not been held for about seven or eight years. The people as a whole are very tolerant but indifferent to spiritual welfare. Although not obtaining many converts, we are making many friends and breaking down much prejudice. This branch is the largest European branch in the mission. Though there are some inactive members, generally they are active and living the gospel in faith and humility. The *Era* is a decided benefit to all who read it. We are often successful in placing it in the homes where other literature will not be accepted, and its circulation is steadily increasing throughout this mission. We appreciate the good work that it is accomplishing here. We pray for its continued success."



Names of the missionaries, left to right seated: Martha J. Wright, president of Mission Relief Societies; Mission President Angus T. Wright. Standing: Ralph M. Skinner, Bay of Islands conference; LeGrande Hunsaker, president Auckland conference; A. Read Halversen, president Hauraki conference; William C. Farr, mission office; G. Lyle Palmer, Auckland conference; LeRoy B. Jex, mission office; Rulon H. Tingey, mission secretary.

# CELESTINE'S REAL THANKSGIVING

BY MRS. E. M. WALLACE

When Dicky Daring brought home his little bride somewhere in the year of 1912, his friends wondered what he was going to do with her. She wasn't pretty enough for a glass show case, and she couldn't cook; she did not know how to keep house, so she said; but for Dicky dear, she was willing to learn.

Dick had big ideas of being a prosperous farmer some day, and when asked what his wife could do to help him out, he answered laconically, "Oh, she's make me happy!" and so it turned out.

Celestine Nixon had been spoiled in her bringing up, Mother having always done the heavier of the work and having waited upon her like she was a baby. But she had a sweet, amiable disposition, and nothing seemed too great an undertaking, as long as Darling Dicky was there to aid and direct her.

Some fourteen months afterward an old friend, calling upon them in their simple suburban home, found Dick still at his old job at the foundry, laying up a few dollars at a time toward the little farm home. The little wife, through patient toil and many mistakes, had learned to be quite a housekeeper, and more. She met her friends at the door with a happy, smiling countenance, and introduced them to her son Deane, a fine lusty boy of three or four months. And such a little mother! It was surely good to see her, and when Dick came in the evening, one had but to look at him to know she had made good as a helpmate.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the war broke out, the call to arms found Dick Daring among the first to volunteer. His people were English, he said, he went overseas early with the Canadian forces, and when the U. S. forces joined them, he was in the ranks and went "over the top" with his friends.

Celestine heard from him from the ranks quite regularly for a time; not much, but oh, how she appreciated the little he was allowed to tell her of his life.

She had kept a little secret from him when he left. He must not have that to worry him, she said, and she would be brave as he would have had her be. So when he received word there was a little sister to Deane, though his heart yearned toward her, yet he rejoiced at their good fortune. For he felt with his army pay and what they had been able to lay up, she would be provided for, for some time, with economy, and she had learned that lesson with the others during their first year of married life.

After some months in action in France, word came he was

wounded by a flying shell. A letter came weeks later that he was recovering, and then there was silence.

Celestine waited; she hoped, she prayed, but still no further news. What could the matter be? He had written as often as she could have expected before; why not now?

Her means were running low. The new baby, with its attendant extras, had exhausted much of her little hoarding. She was well and strong now, and felt she must find employment to help the little folks. This she did quite readily through the aid of the Y. W. C. A.

Months of hopeful waiting grew into years, and she concluded that he was either dead or a prisoner in a foreign country. No use of tears or sighs, she must earn a livelihood for her children, and she did it with a patience and persistence of one inured to hardships, but she did it bravely and usually cheerfully.

An old suitor of days gone by made tempting offers to her, assuring her that Daring was dead. Tired of battling for a livelihood, discouraged and lonely, she was strogly tempted to listen to his pleadings. But the guardian angel whispered, "Wait, he will return!" As she hesitated, the opening came that she had longed for. Friends, who were going further West, asked her to accompany them to where she could take up a homestead. She accepted gladly, although she was a little fearful of leaving the old home, lest Dick should return and not find her. Still she went on, thinking that in the long run it would be for the best.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years of struggle and hardships on her little farm, and she was now beginning to get results. This year they had raised a few bushels of wheat, enough for bread for her little family for a year, she told one of her neighbors, proudly, and a few pounds of good beans, green and ripe, peas, carrots, and potatoes, onions, and a dozen nice squash.

"I only had four seeds, but just see what they have done," and she displayed the small store of needful things with pleasure. "Now, come and see Deane's chickens. He is very proud of them." The child came along to show Mr. Bronson his work.

"Where did you get your start, Deane? You surely have some fine birds."

"Well," the lad explained, "I guess God sent my start, for I wanted some chickens so much, and one morning last spring when I come out to the garden, here was a nice, big, white biddy picking around in the garden hunting something to eat, and acting lonesome like—" he paused for breath for it was a story he loved to tell.

The visitor listened attentively to his story, never hinting he had seen that hen before.

Deane continued, "After she laid us three dozen and two nice white eggs, me and Lettie counted 'em careful, then she sit on the nest

all day an' wouldn't come off to eat. Then I thought she was sick and told mama, and she laughed and said, 'The old hen just wants to be a mother hen and raise some baby chickens.' So me an' Lettie walked over to old man Corlett's, five miles over there, an' we give him some uv our eggs, 'cause ours wouldn't hatch, Mama said, an' he laughed an' counted me out thirteen of his an' said 'These'll give you a fine start, little man,' and he give me an' Lettie a nice drink of milk an' a cookie, an' we brought the eggs an' fixed her up fine, I tell you. Come an' see, we'll show you how we did it." And with as much pride as and more happiness than a millionaire would show his wares, they showed their neighbor how they managed.

An old drygoods box in which their clothes had been packed when they came, had been battened with odds and ends too numerous to mention. A nest, fashioned in one corner of willows and wild grass, a broomstick for a roost and finally, after some marauding wild animal or, possibly, some passing bullet hawk had robbed them of two of their fine flock (for every egg had brought out a good chicken), they manufactured a fence of wild brush and willows, making an enclosure which afforded both shelter and seclusion for the little flock.

The visitor leaned against the chicken coop, as he smilingly listened to the little boy's story, and Deane cried out anxiously, "Don't lean against it, or you'll knock it over."

The visitor sprang away laughingly, and said, "I'll tell you what we'll do, Deane. This is a banner year for all of us, so if you want to go in with me, we'll sell two or three of these splendid cockerels. They'll bring a good price, for they are fine specimens, and we'll buy materials and build you a regular chicken-house; one that won't tip over if you lean on it."

"Yes, and Mr. Corlett said if I'd take them to the fair, at Courteney, he believed I'd get a first prize, an' that'd help a lot, wouldn't it? Yes, an' that newcomer over there," pointing to a little new house to the left, "said if I'd give him one uv mine he'd give me two uv his biggest roosters, 'cause he wanted a start uv mine, an' his are such *big* ones thye'd do for Thanksgiving most as good as a turkey." Here little Lettie could keep silent no longer, although she had listened with growing pride, to Deane's story.

"Yes, Sir, 'n Mama says *this* year we'll have a real Thanksgiving, 'cause God has blessed us with such good things, an' we got lots to be thankful for. An' we're goin' to have pumpkin pie, only it'll be made uv squash u' course," and she tossed the fair hair from her forehead with one tiny little sun-browned hand, while her eyes lighted like twin stars at the joyous anticipation.

"Didn't you remember, dear, what Mama told you about inviting—"

"Oh, yes, yes, I 'member Mama." Turning to the visitor she clasped one of his strong brown hands in her baby one and smiling up

into his face said, "Mama, an' Deane an' me wants you to come an' eat dinner with us, 'cause we're lonesome, an' we thought maybe you wus, too."

"And I'll sure come, Lettie, and we'll have the best time ever, won't we?"

Had he glanced at Celestine Daring's face just then, he would have seen a quick catching of her breath, as she set her teeth in her lip to keep it from quivering, while she quickly dashed the tears from her eyes. Catching the heart-hungry child in his strong arms he swung her to his shoulder, as they wended their way toward the house to complete plans for the housing of Deane's flock, and for the coming holiday, now only ten days off.

A year ago, they had had no Thanksgiving, they had tried to forget there was such a day. A year before that, they had had dinner with the Corletts, and had been brought home in a bobsleigh in a heavy snowstorm. This year things had been so much better all around, they were doubly thankful. The weather had been good, with the prospect of better. Celestine said she must delay no longer for it would keep her busy getting their little home in order, and getting ready for this, to them, great day.

As Joe Bronson drove home that day his thoughts were in a turmoil. He had spent ten years in this lonely place, barring the two years spent for Uncle Sam over seas. His place was now prosperous, he could make a little family comfortable. Several times, well-meaning friends asked him why he didn't ask the lonely little neighbor to share his comfortable quarters, but still he hesitated. It had never occurred to him until lately that a woman was so necessary to make a house a home. He went quickly to work to put his home in order; his bedding was washed, floors scrubbed, windows cleaned—and then he looked around to see what other little touches he could add to make it more homelike, as was hers.

\* \* \* \* \*

A tired soldier plodded slowly and unsteadily along the road, weary and worn, weak from long confinement in a southern hospital, several car drivers passed him by, thinking he was intoxicated. One man yelled at him as he staggered along and almost fell in front of the machine which had crowded him from the paved road into the mud. "Keep out of the way, you drunken sot, if you don't want to be run over."

A *man*, did I say? Oh, I must have been mistaken; though he was dressed like a man, and drove a splendid machine, but his speech and attitude bespoke a machine with no more heart than the motor in his roadster.

As he whirled by, unheeding the pathetic look the soldier lad gave him, the pallor of his face and the haunted look in his eyes, together with the uniform, soiled and worn, as he raised his appealing

face and stopped, facing the middle of the road—for the momentum of the speeding car almost threw him off his feet—made a strong impression upon the driver of a truck coming behind. This driver had driven a truck across seas, and the mere sight of the uniform would have won a word from him. He seemed to know instinctively what the trouble was, and drew up.

"Howdy, comrade, will you ride?" The soldier gratefully accepted and climbed clumsily into the seat beside the truck driver.

"I take it you haven't been long out of the hospital, friend," the driver said kindly. "Are you just on your way home?"

The soldier man looked at him as if uncertain how to answer.

"Oh, you need not be afraid of me. I spent two years over there myself. Didn't happen to get hurt or sick, so I was soon at work again. Besides, the war is over, you know."

The boy, he seemed only a boy, though years had left their traces on his countenance, raised his left hand awkwardly and lifted his cap. A thrill of pain and admiration passed over the driver's kindly features, for the motion exposed an ugly scar running from his left temple up into his hair near the top of his head.

"I've just come from the hospital, and am on my way somewhere—I don't seem to know where—I want to go—" he said, and then haltingly and uncertainly, "I guess it's home—I'm looking for."

"Where is your home? I'll see if I can help you find it," the driver said heartily. Just then a lurch in the road almost threw him out. The driver caught and held him and looked very straight into the half vacant countenance pityingly. "You're sick, chum. I'm going to find some home for you for awhile." Another bump, and the sick man fell forward knocking his head on the iron frame of the windshield, and before the driver had a chance to catch him or stop the truck, he rolled onto the roadside. The driver threw on the brakes, and sprang out, leaned over to examine him. He was only unconscious, not so much from the fall as from the misery still upon him. Hailing another car on the road, the driver asked the occupant if he would help him to get the man to *his* home which was only a short distance away.

"What's the matter with him," the new arrival asked. The driver pointed to the scar, tapped his own forehead and shook his head sadly.

"Just come from the hospital. Looks like 'lost wits' from that," again indicating the wound.

When Joe Bronson got the soldier boy into his own bed, he went through his few belongings carefully to try to identify him. Here were a few papers carefully fastened inside his coat. First, an honorable discharge from the service; here was the hospital release, he rushed over it greedily, "Lost identity," through the wound, known to a few as, "Daring Dick," because he knew no fear, stopped at nothing that

was for the right." It ran on, anyone who can aid in any way to locate his family and friends,—Joe stopped and studied the face,—“Daring Dick,” he repeated, then started, “can it be possible, it surely must be—” He quickly laid these things aside, here was a service medal for bravery. He leaned over the unconscious man, and saw a string about his neck; this he drew forth carefully. The sleeper stirred. Joe didn’t want him to waken until he had satisfied himself as far as he could.

He lifted the trinkets carefully. A gold ring, marked R. D., and the state from which he came. Then the locket opened and Joe Bronson knew he was going to bring a great happiness not to himself but to her, for there, smiling out at him, was a picture of Celestine Daring and a little boy, who could be none other than Deane, that was certain.

He carefully laid it on the sleeper’s breast. “I’ll let him rest ’til the doctor comes, though I’m sure he will be all right when he comes to again,” he said to himself. “God, how happy she will be! No one will ever know how near I came to asking her—” He tightened his lips and drew his shoulders up with a shrug. “And day after tomorrow is Thanksgiving.” He sat on the doorstep pondering on the strangeness of fate when the doctor arrived.

Together they stood beside him while the doctor made a light examination, then they went to the window and again carefully went through the identification articles, Joe having shown the doctor the ring and locket. “I think you’re right, Bronson, I’m not much acquainted with the lady, but we’ll investigate at once—”

“Why not take him right over there and let him awaken in his own home?” Joe asked.

“No, that would not do at all, the sudden shock—” the doctor paused and turned toward the bed. The patient was watching them with a strange light in his eyes. Both men hurried to the bedside; the doctor acting on impulse said, “Hello, Dick, I see you are better, how do you feel now?”

His hand went quickly to his head, then he looked at it and back at the watchers, “Where am I, and how—you two are surely Americans—” he glanced suspiciously about—

“Yes, we are Americans, and you are with good, kind friends,” the doctor spoke soothingly.

Again his hand went to his head, and he looked at it as before. He threw the covers off and drew himself to a sitting position on the side of the bed. Seeming to recollect something he asked, “Where are the rest of the fellows? Did they get away all right?”

“Sure thing, they did,” again the doctor answered reassuringly, “Now you just lie down again and rest, while we tell you what a fine victory they had.” He lay down obediently, still studying the room and rubbing his head with his hand.

"You have been ill for some time, Dick, and in the mean time, all the boys are back home, and peace reigns in our glorious land once more."

"I thought I was wounded by a bursting shell, and everything around me was shot to hell—" he said quite naturally. "Have I dreamed all that horrible stuff, or what ails me? I don't seem to recollect anything, how long have I been here, and where is this place anyway?" Now both watchers laughed. There was relief in Joe's laugh, and he answered kindly.

"This place is in the state of Idaho, the good old U. S. A., it is my ranch, and you have been here only a short time," said Joe; "but you have been in America, quite awhile. You have been ill is the reason you don't recollect. Never mind about that, all in good time; but now tell me who this is." And he handed him the locket and ring.

He started for just a moment. Then a tender smile overspread his features. "That is my identification ring, and this (tenderly) this is my darling wife and son. Bless them, and to think I shall soon see them again." Then springing up again he said, "Did you say I was in Idaho? Why Celestine is in Kansas. How in ——did I get out here?"

The doctor laughed and took up his question, "You must not ask so many questions all at once if you want *me* to answer you. But let me tell you something. I have heard of your wife, friends of mine said she had taken up a ranch somewhere in this section of the country, and if you'll lay down and sleep until tomorrow, Joe and I will locate her and take you to her." There was no vacancy now, in his looks, but one which is not often seen in the faces of men.

"Thank you," and his eyes filled with tears as he settled back on the pillow to rest. "I won't forget this, friend." And he sank into slumber.

Joe Bronson watched over the soldier boy until a late hour to be sure he was sleeping all right, he assured himself; but really because he could not have slept. He went several times and looked long at the picture. What a strange mingling of feelings he must have had. He had learned in these three years to love the lonely but ever faithful little woman. Yet given his choice he could not have done better than this, to be able to restore her husband to her. That would be a joyful memory for him in future years.

Early the next day, while the patient still slept, Joe went over to his neighbors, and carefully he unfolded the truth. Their conversation so full of tears, sadness, sighs, and tears of joy and gladness, we will not repeat, 'twas too sacred to be given to others. But when he left, there were also traces of tears on his sunburned face, but both were smiling, and as he climbed into the machine he called to her, "I'll bring him

over as soon as I can, but he must have his sleep out, and don't look for me over tomorrow." With that he drove away.

As the two men drove along later in the day (Joe chose a longer route so he could explain a few things to Dick on the way), Dick couldn't understand how either he, or his wife, came to be way out in Idaho. "All in good time," his friend replied, "it will come back all right in time." As Joe stopped to let his friend down, the door of the little farmhouse flew open, and three happy, beaming faces appeared. He only paused long enough to see that Dick was going to make it all right, then moved on, but he heard in that moment the gladdest cry he had ever heard—

"Oh, Dick, Dick darling, you have come back!"

\* \* \* \* \*

When Dick Daring found that he had a baby girl four years old, he sighed, "I surely must have been lost somewhere." The three of them hung around him talking to and loving him. He must learn the truth slowly and by degrees, mama said. He sat with Lettie, his baby, on his knee, while Deane hung around his neck, and Mama arranged the table for the most wonderful dinner ever. "Celestine—" he spoke her name lovingly, "couldn't we spare enough of our joy to share the dinner with our friend Joe, who has done so much for all of us?"

"I asked him," she replied, "but he said not this time; after so long a parting we should have this day to ourselves." He motioned Deane to hand him a card from the table.

"Can our boy ride the old horse? If you can, Deane, bring him to the door, will you." He was only too happy to do anything Daddy wished, and ran out gladly. In a few minutes he was back at the door with the faithful animal that had done such service for them.

"What do you want with him, Papa?" he asked with pride.

"Come here, son, I want your name, too, on this card." He had written five words, besides the names,

"Comrade, come, we want you." And signed, "Dick D." Celestine's name came next, then Deane, and little Lettie said,

"But Papa, I can't write my name, only just print it, 'cause I haven't been to school, like Deane has."

"That is just as good, lovie. Comrade Joe will understand." So the child painstakingly printed her name, adding a capital D as Papa had done.

"Now, Deane, you ride over to Mr. Bronson's place and give him this." And away he went, a very happy little boy.

Joe looked at the card, read and re-read it, then looked away in the distance. He saw nothing for there was a mist before his eyes.

"What is the matter, Joe, ain't yu ever goin' to come, Mama said we'd wait for you?" And Joe shrugged his shoulders and smilingly replied,

"Sure I'm coming, Deane, I was just thinking what a fine old Thanksgiving we're all going to have after all, and hoping for many more to follow."

And the welcome he received from the happy family repaid him a thousand fold for any heartaches he had felt and any kindnesses he had ever given them.

*St. Anthony, Idaho.*

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## Never Mind

When the day is dark and dreary  
And your body feels quite weary,  
And your spirit's far from cheery,  
    Never mind.  
You might get some consolation  
If you look upon the nation  
And save up the information  
    That you find.

There are others full of trouble:  
Life is not an empty bubble  
To the Plebian or the Noble  
    In their line;  
Just slip on your latest glasses  
And note everyone that passes,  
Be they women, lads or lasses,  
    Aren't they fine?

Don't you see, it's what you're thinking  
That's the cause of all your blinking,  
And your happiness a sinking  
    Out o' sight?  
Wake up and shake your muscle,  
And prepare to have a tussle,  
Making things around you hustle  
    With all your might.

And the sun will shine the brighter,  
And the snowdrops 'pear the whiter,  
And the load of sorrow lighter  
    That you bear;  
Keep on whistling an' a humming,  
Keep on saying, "Oh, what fun in  
Making all the blues a running."  
    Then don't care.

*Rexburg, Idaho.*

PHINIAS TEMPEST.

# HEROES OF SCIENCE

BY PRESIDENT F. S. HARRIS AND N. I. BUTT OF THE  
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

## 5. RONTGEN

When Rontgen discovered X-rays, he added a power to the human eye that has not only saved thousands of lives and an incalculable amount of suffering, but has also put manufacturing, commerce, and other industries on a more safe footing. By its use physicians can locate bullets, needles, broken bones, and other objects within the body. Likewise, stomach trouble, heart abnormality, teeth abscesses, rheumatism, appendicitis, cancer, some ear troubles, and many other difficulties are sometimes discovered by the use of X-rays and remedied in time to prevent serious trouble or loss of life. To insure the safety of aeroplanes the wood and metals are inspected by X-rays and all defective parts discarded. In manufacturing and trade the quality of steel is often examined for defects in this way. Besides being used in the inspection of many manufactured products, the X-ray is a valuable aid to purchasers of valuable old paintings, to chemists, and to many others who are helped by a view of the interior structure of materials.

Rontgen happened to be one of the fortunate scientists who follow up the final stage of an investigation before it yields practical results. Many research workers toil along year after year the same, as did Rontgen before discovering the X-rays, but fail to secure popular fame. Rontgen is justly regarded as a great man because of the many painstaking experiments which he performed, yet he might never have become so world renowned had he not had at his disposal the results of the investigations of several men who brought knowledge up to the point where such a great practical device as the X-ray might be discovered.

Rontgen, as are most great men, was well prepared to do the service which he rendered. Born in Germany in 1845, he passed rapidly through school and was granted his college degree at a university in Holland in 1869. After this preliminary training he assisted in various universities in central Europe where he became known as a deep and persistent student. Later he was granted professorships and finally became director of a great university.

In order to give his students the best training possible Rontgen performed many experiments. He was somewhat like Edison in that when he became interested in an experiment he forgot everything, even his meals, and sleep often being neglected, in order to learn some new fact. He tested the distance up tiny capillary tubes which water and other liquids would rise under different conditions, he worked on

the springiness of different metals, on the rate which heat is taken up by substances, on the creation and passage of electricity under different circumstances, and on a great number of other subjects. While many of the experiments he performed were not important, but merely added another mite of knowledge to the human race, they gave him inspiration in his teaching and they prepared him for a discovery which was revolutionary.

At the time Rontgen discovered the X-rays he was investigating the light which many persons had noticed when electricity is made to jump from one wire to another inside of a glass tube which has had most of the air pumped out of it. Many scientists had studied this light and had discovered that it has peculiar properties such as being bent out of its regular course if a magnet were placed near it.

In 1895, Rontgen was trying to discover more about the Ultra violet, or the light rays which move so fast that the eye cannot see them. In doing this he covered his exhausted electric tube with black paper so that no light could escape. But to his surprise some of the light rays went right through the paper and caused some chemically treated paper a few yards away to sparkle. Immediately he commenced to investigate this strange phenomenon. He put objects near the sparkling paper to try to cut off the light, and in this way traced it to one of the wires inside the tube. Next he placed his hand between the light and the paper and saw the bones of his hand. When he was convinced that he could see the actual bones and could distinguish in the new light metal which was held clasped in his hand he thought this should be valuable knowledge to physicians. Accordingly he wrote to a medical society telling them about the discovery. The medical world seized the knowledge with great excitement, because it meant that the body could be made almost as transparent as glass so that the interior could be more closely studied and operations more easily made.

Rontgen carried on extensive tests to discover the limitations of the rays. He took pictures through books, leather and other materials. While examining wood doors, in this way, he discovered that white lead in paint obstructed the rays. This knowledge gives us a means of telling the historical age in which a picture was painted because white lead was not used in older times. The fact that lead is excellent to obstruct the rays offers a good means for protecting those who work with X-rays. Unprotected persons working around these rays are likely to suffer injury because the light is darting right through the body injuring some of the delicate parts which are not accustomed to such treatment.

The year following the discovery of the X-ray Rontgen was awarded the medal of the Royal Society of London, one of the greatest honors which can be bestowed upon a scientist. Other medals have also been given to him for his discoveries concerning X-rays. But better than all these medals is the knowledge that he has done a great service

to suffering mankind. Without the rays, made useful to the world by his aid, thousands of the wounded in the World War might have died and many others have gone through life crippled by bullets in their bodies.

But in spite of the honors heaped upon Rontgen, he remained a humble investigator. He gave the credit to the men who had made it possible for him to make his discovery. He loved his experiments and his students more than public applause.

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## Gems of Thought

Faith lies deepest where justice reigns supreme.

Foul-mouthed persons are best appreciated when out of breath.

Say nothing that you would not have your echo pass on to others.

Neither a feather nor a bubble is light when compared with vanity.

A big free-hearted man is not always measured by the roll in his pocket.

Don't let your pride of beauty get so weedy as to choke out good sense.

God placed man above everything and gave him power to hold himself there.

Prop up injustice with better timber; justice can stand on its own foundation.

If you are above making mistakes, get off the earth, this is no place for you.

You touch a tender cord when you say, Mother; an elevated one, when you say, Father.

Gather wisdom with the speed of electricity and hold it with the firmness of gravity.

All smoke flues do not emit from housetops, some lead from the mouth and are called nostrils.

Get Satan behind you when your neighbor wants to fight, and hold him there till the quarrel is over.

Publish all the good thoughts you can, but let the bad ones lie dormant until they smother out.

Stand head and shoulders above dishonesty, then your vision will be clearer and your friends dearer.

Let your mother know when you return home, then she may take more comfort in your being out.

Better go through this world blind than to pass through it and see nothing but the glitter of gold.

Don't try to retain all your wisdom, pipe some of it to the world, or the flow may cease and the well go dry.

A well filled head may incline the back in old age, but why should an empty one? It carries no weight.

A man's height is not always measured by what he thinks of himself. "Actions speak plainer than words."

How can a man give an insult without a cause; he is not capable of such a thing, he's too light to be considered.

If you can't do anything but crow, take your place with the rest of the barnyard fowls—"misery loves company."

Do not hinge your gate of faith on man alone, because he swings both ways and passes out some who would seek a throne.

—Sent to the *Era* by E. S. Howell, Fairview, Utah.

# RECREATION IN THE GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS

## Boy Scouts Jamboree, Utah Lake

The Grant stake boy scout jamboree was successfully held on the shores of Utah Lake, August 23-30. The object of this standing camp was the



Top: Retreat—when in this formation scoutmasters only salute; all scouts remain at attention. Center: Setting up exercises. Bottom: Daily dip in Utah Lake.

coordination of the various troops in the stake to prepare for the coming winter's work. Previously stake and ward scout men met periodically to formulate and perfect details in connection with such an arduous undertaking. The great object of scouting is to reach every eligible boy. It was decided to make this wonderful opportunity available to the poorest scout in the stake. So the cost was set at the nominal sum of \$3. This was made possible through the generosity of a number of leading business firms and persons of the stake who donated trucks to care for the transportation to and from camp. The camp was under the supervision of William E. Nelson, deputy scout commissioner; assisted by Melton V. Backman, finance officer; Eugene Bengtzen, chief officer; Arthur W. Sadler, recreation officer; Doral Cutler, first aid, campfire, and program officer; Grant Fox, assistant; LaMar Hatch, mess officer, Dan Kooyman, signaling instructor; Wallace Butterworth, assistant. The scouts were divided into three groups, Mohawks, Utes and Piutes, each under a scoutmaster and assistant. A further division was made into patrols, with a patrol leader in charge of each. Responsibility rested upon the scoutmaster. Each division had its own kitchen, presided over by a senior scout, who, being an expert, did the actual preparing and cooking of the food in conformity with the daily menu previously arranged by the camp chef. A regular daily program, beginning at 5:45 a. m. and closing with taps at 10 p. m., was arranged, including first call, reveille, setting up exercises, breakfast, assembly, swimming, scout craft, dinner, rest period, tent inspection, recreation and sports, assembly, drill, swimming, supper, campfire, tattoo and taps. Daily classes and demonstrations were held in nature study, first aid, mapping and signaling, under competent directors. At the close of the encampment many of the scouts successfully passed First Class examinations in these subjects. A fine baseball tournament was held, won by the Mohawk division. In addition, there were barnyard golf, mumble peg, swimming and boating, daily, all of which provided ample outlet for the pent-up, superfluous energy compressed within every red-blooded boy in the camp. Each day closed with a very fine campfire program which discovered considerable native scout talent of a very entertaining nature. Through speech and story the serious aims, ambitions and obligations of the Boy Scout movement were impressed upon all present.

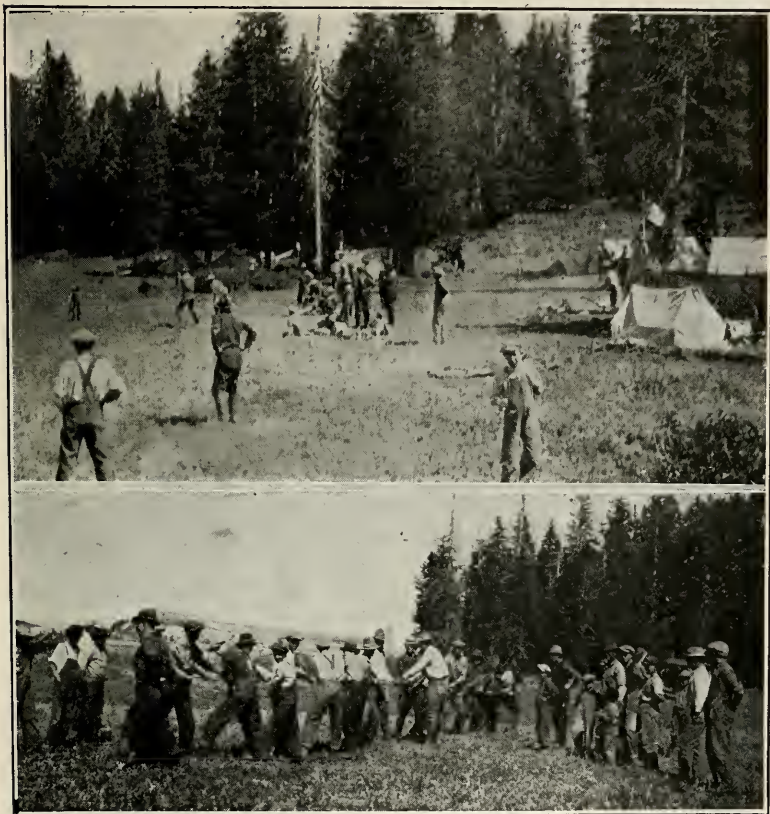
A very interesting and highly successful Sunday school was held on the Sabbath day under the trees in nature's house of worship. Nothing happened to mar the enjoyment of the encampment and all returned home carrying with them happy memories.

Being the first standing or permanent camp ever attempted in the state of Utah, we believe that the men responsible are to be heartily congratulated upon its success. We firmly believe that the permanent camp will become very popular in the future, for in no better way can boy friendships be made and cemented, and in such close and constant communion the scout learns more fully to realize his duty and obligation of service to his fellows—*Arthur W. Sadler.*

## South Sanpete Fathers and Sons, and Scouts Meet in the Forest

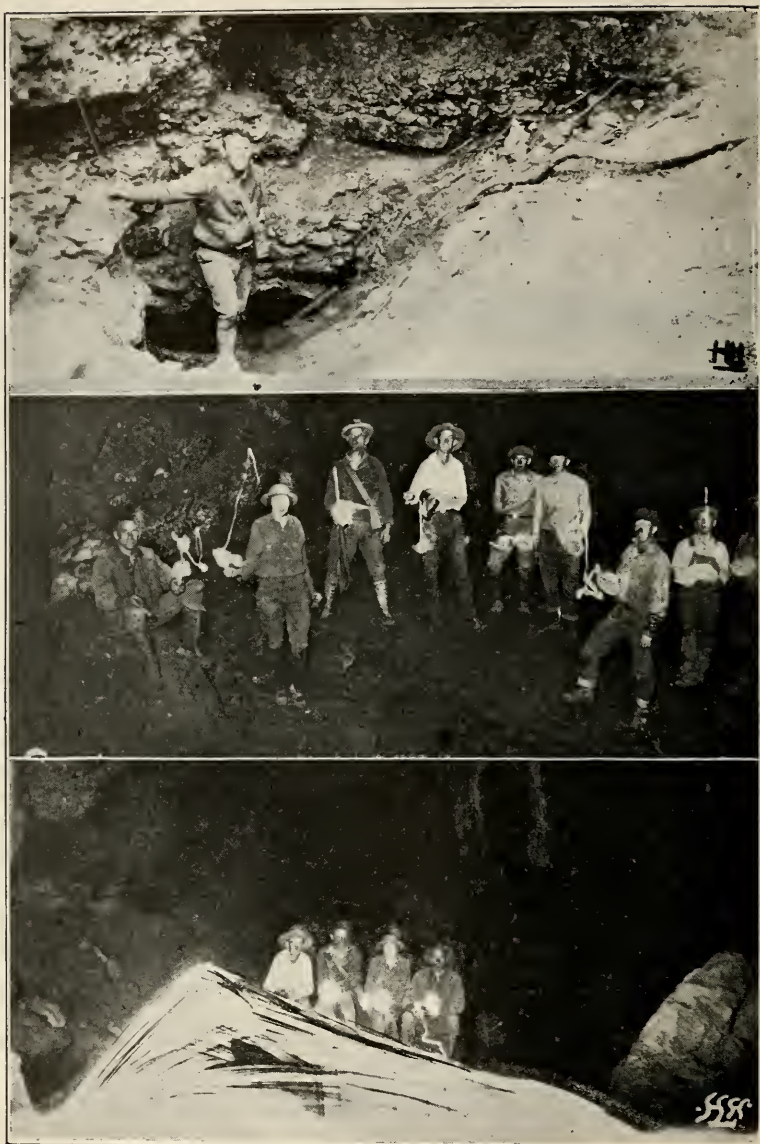
The first Fathers and Sons' outing of South Sanpete stake, in the mountains, was held August 18-21, at the head of the forks, in the Manti National Forest. Seventy-seven fathers, sons and scouts were present. The first day we traveled to camp, pitched tents, erected the flag pole in the center of the camp, etc. Each evening a big campfire meeting was held. The

speakers included W. B. Hawkins, scout deputy regional executive of eastern and southern Utah; C. G. Braithwaite, Y. M. M. I. A. stake superintendent; Merrian King, John R. Nielson, Jr., William A. Tuttle, Chauncey Harmon, scoutmasters and fathers. Nature study, hiking, and games of various kinds were carried out every day. The last evening after campfire meeting was over "a feast of goodies" was enjoyed—oranges, candies, nuts, etc. All sat around the fire and delighted in a real social time which will always be



Top: Partial view of one of our baseball games, showing a number of our tents with a fine, pine background, an ideal place for camping. Bottom: Ready for a tug-of-war. Sanpete Fathers and Sons' outing. Ten boys won over six fathers. Deer may be seen within an hour's walk from this camp.

remembered. The outing was a grand success, a spirit of good fellowship between fathers, sons, scouts and scoutmasters was enjoyed. No event on the whole trip occurred to mar the pleasure of anyone. Brother Wells Thompson, stake recreation chairman; M. K. Knudson, president of the Snow Normal College; J. Mabin Thompson, of the High Council, and other prominent men were present, which added spirit to the camp.—*Chauncey Harmon*, Scoutmaster, Manti Center Ward.



*Photos by H. L. Hammond*

Top: Entrance to Providence cave. Center: Cave man's tabernacle, Providence cave, 300 feet into the mountain from the entrance. Bottom: Satan's theatre, 500 feet into the mountains from the cave entrance.

## A Community Outing

Following the suggestion of the Church recreational leaders, that a community outing be made a part of the Summer's program, the people of Providence, on Labor Day, realized one of the best get-together events of the entire year. The recreation committee met with the M Men and Gleaners and suggested the idea of a canyon trip. Their enthusiasm exceeded all expectations. M Men and Gleaners were joined by parents, brothers, sisters and friends. Every available saddle horse, at home and in neighboring towns, were rounded up. Men and women who for 20 years had lived in Providence without ever seeing the beauties of their own canyon, at once donned their khaki and fell into line until the party numbered up to seventy-five. The day's program was carefully planned, thoroughly organized and successfully carried out. The party had breakfast at 8:00 a. m., at White Pine Springs, about 7 miles up the canyon. Each person prepared his own meal, and after an hour, was ready to continue. And as their seventy-five voices sang forth the sweet strains of "The Long, Long Trail," and the crags from a dozen sides echoed back their welcome—then was experienced the real thrill, joy and inspiration of God's great out-of-doors. Forest Ranger Rice took lead of the group, explaining and pointing out things of special interest to the party as they proceeded. A cave in which much interest has recently been shown was visited and explored. Measurements showed it to be 700 feet long. The passageway in places is barely large enough for entrance while again it enlarges into gigantic caverns, one of which measured 30 feet across, 35 to 40 feet high, and about 70 feet long. On the return trip the party stopped near the mouth of the canyon for a wienie roast and watermelon bust. All reached home safe and sore, but happy as a result of the day's experience.—Providence First Ward Recreation Committee, by *David H. Fuhrman*.

## Bingham Stake Fathers and Sons Meet at "Big Springs"

The fourth annual Fathers and Sons' outing was held August 2-4 at the head of the North Fork of Snake river known as "Big Springs," 106 miles northeast of Idaho Falls. No place could be more enticing than this spot where that river rises from Mother Earth with a normal flow of 186 second feet, surrounded on all sides by the great Targee National Forest. The days were spent in literary and musical programs, games, fishing and swimming, except Sunday, which, being Fast day, was observed by fasting and prayer and a unique program. An impressive Priesthood and testimony meeting was held in the open with the pines for a background, followed by a walk among the woods with Ira Latham, forest ranger of the Targee range, explaining the value of our national forests and the Government's work to preserve them. An "out in the mission street meeting" was held in the evening, three returned missionaries furnishing the singing and preaching. This became rather interesting when members of the audience interrupted the speaker with questions about the "Mormons." The next day after the usual flag ceremonies and program, there were competitive athletic events between the wards in which keen interest was taken. Iona ward had the largest number present—72 members, 12% of their ward population. The camp had two members over 70 years of age, Richard Bates, 73, and Patriarch T. W. Lee. The stake presidency and four bishops were in attendance. The Shelton ward won the American flag, having the largest percentage of the ward in attendance—60 fathers and sons.



Top: Shelton ward members. For three years this ward has had an average of 20% of their population in attendance at the outing. Stake board members in the foreground. They were awarded an American flag this time, presented to them by Stake Superintendent H. R. Kirkham, in behalf of the stake board. The population went 106 miles to attend the outing accompanied by F. Birkenshaw, ward president Y. M. M. I. A., and Bishop Lovell, enthusiastic fellows with the young people. Center: Saluting Old Glory. Bottom: A real bear that furnished entertainment at the outing.—Bingham Stake.

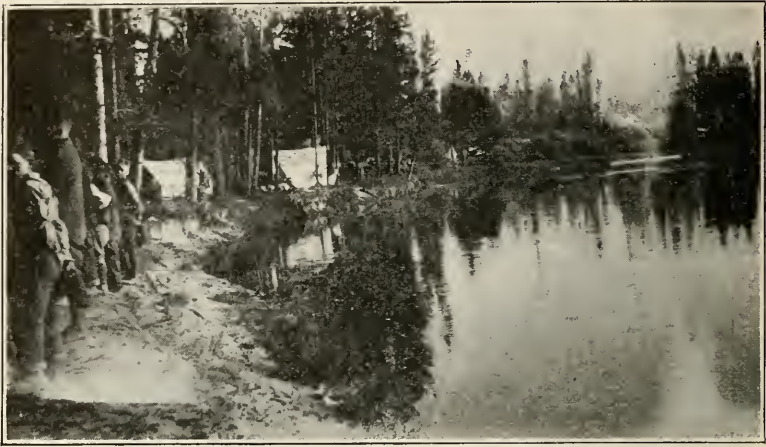


Top: Fred J. Storer and his five sons, the father having the most sons in attendance at the outing. Bottom: The fellows who "put it over," left to right: Sylvan Olsen, stake recreation chairman; Orial L. Anderson, Senior and M Men leader; David Scott, recreation leader; H. R. Kirkham, stake superintendent; Todd Andrus, stake board member; Earl Nixon, Advanced Senior Leader; Reed Scott, second assistant.—Bingham Stake.

## Over 300 Fathers and Sons Have a Joyful Time

On July 28, 29 and 30, over 300 fathers and sons of Fremont stake Y. M. M. I. A. held an outing which will long be remembered for its genuine success and the highly enjoyable time everyone had. They met on

the banks of the Madison river, three miles west of West Yellowstone, and unanimously named their camp, "Kirkham," since Oscar A. Kirkham, executive director of the Y. M. M. I. A. was present to take part in the exercises. They played baseball, volley ball, horseshoe pitching, and other games, fished and swam. A roll call showed the following wards represented: Plano, 32; Herbert, 5; Rexburg First, 81; Second, 5; Third, 11; Sugar City, 82;



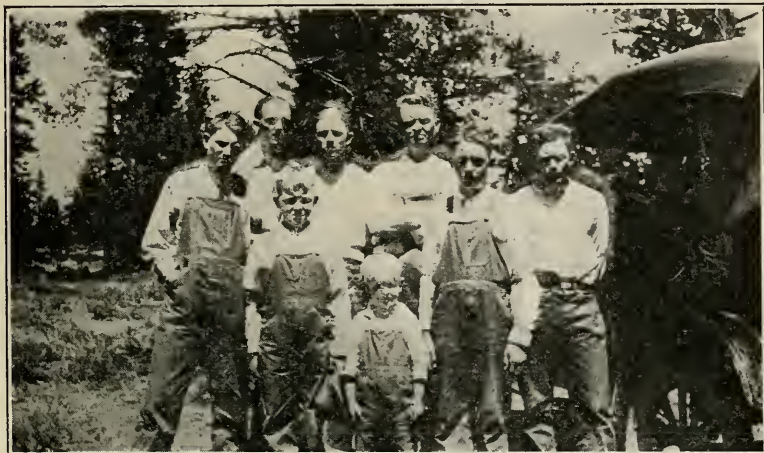
Camp Kirkham on the Madison River

Salem, 24; Newdale, 4; Lyman, 17; Burton, 15; Independence, 11; Archer, 7; Hibbard, 9. An account of the Indian custom of reverence for fire, by Oscar Kirkham, commenced the campfire program, then followed the scout law, interesting stories, one number from each ward, including also recitations, humorous yarns, songs, speeches and stunts. A drive was made the next day to Old Faithful in Yellowstone Park, where the company watched the eruptions of Old Faithful; and, during lunch, had singing and stories. At the evening fire a pennant was offered by Brother Kirkham to the boy making the best report of what had impressed him most on the trip. Orlo Maughan won. It impressed one to see so large a number of men and boys travel and camp together without one accident or unpleasant or evil incident occurring. Fine sportsmanship and good will prevailed throughout. For the excellent arrangements made, credit is due Superintendent Oswald Christensen, his counselors; J. A. Watts, outing chairman; Stake Scout Executive Dilworth Walker; and C. P. Packer, recreation leader.

## At Bryce Canyon

Superintendent Joseph A. Griffin, of Garfield stake, reports the Fathers and Sons' outing of that stake on August 1 and 2 at Bryce Canyon. There were one hundred present. Every ward in the stake was represented. It was the first Fathers and Sons' outing held in that stake. A program consisting of songs, recitations, story-telling, and a well delivered discourse on scout work by Elder Alfred Riddle, recently returned from the mission field, was presented. There were a number of visitors on that evening, making the whole number present 150, and many tourists heard the program and the gospel that

night. Saturday was spent in foot racing, jumping, and other athletic exercises. Circleville came out first in jumping; and Escalante, in running. "We are expecting to make the Fathers and Sons' outing this coming season the biggest program of the year. Brother Joseph J. Porter and his seven sons were all with us on the outing. It was a glorious occasion for us all."



Joseph J. Porter and his seven sons, Garfield Stake Fathers and Sons' Outing

## South Sevier



This picture shows the stake presidency of the South Sevier stake, John E. Magleby, Joseph L. Staples, and James R. Ware. It was taken by Frank Gunn at the Bully Boy mine at the Fathers and Sons' outing of the South Sevier stake on July 10-12, sent to the *Era* by him.

## Bits of Philosophy

Character is better than cunning.

Almost anybody is as good as the man who thinks he is good.

It is strange but true, the smaller the head the more it swells.

Greatness is just the ability to discount the complements you receive, two hundred per cent.

A thinker is a man who can recognize a great thought without knowing who first thought it.

## Oakland M. I. A. Annual Hike Big Success

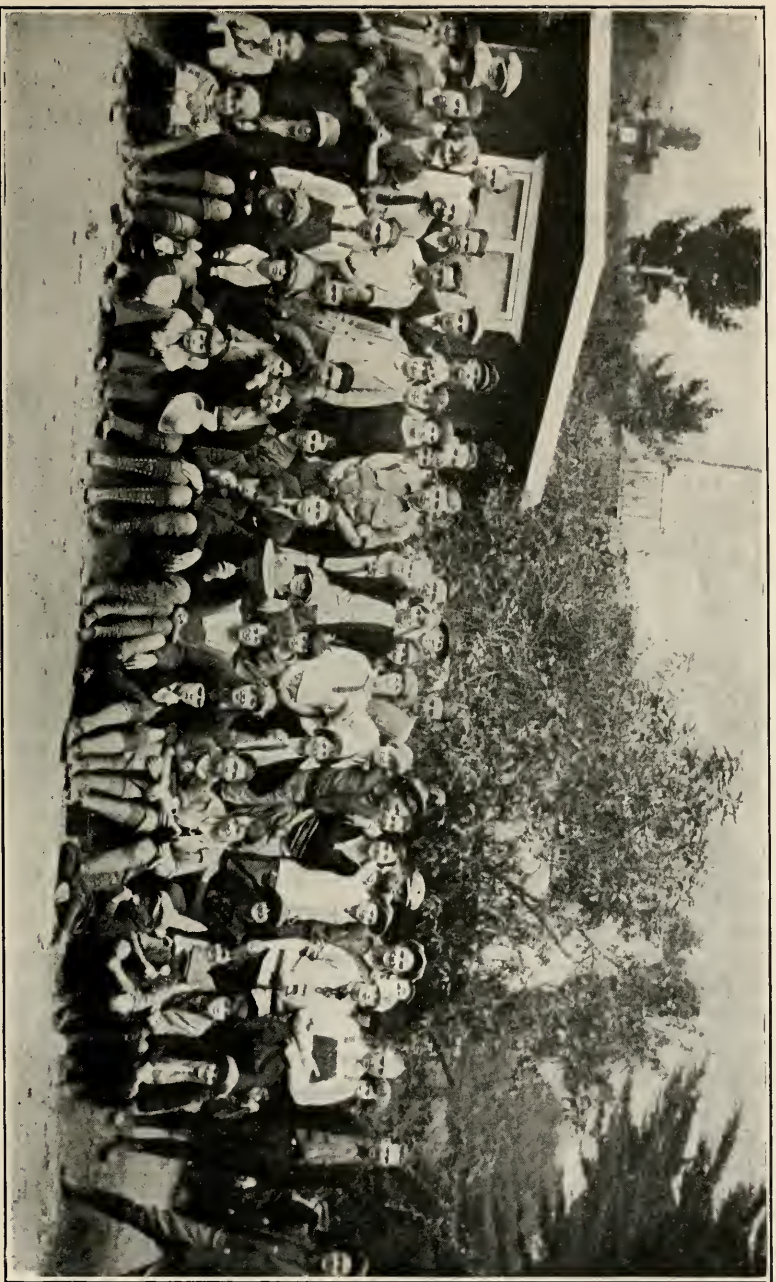
"Is everybody happy?"—"Absolutely" echoed through the Marin Hills Saturday evening, August 30, as the Oakland, California, M. I. A. hiked the Dipsea trail on their way to Willow camp. When the roar of the grand old Pacific reached our ears, we knew we were nearing camp. Arrangements had been made months in advance, by our trusty man, Reed Smith, and upon arrival at camp, we received a hearty welcome and a midnight supper. The full company of 91 reached camp safe and sound, with tired feet after the 10-mile hike, but boyant in spirits. A schedule prepared weeks before the hike, itemized the names of those assigned to various jobs during the hike, such as hike leaders, end-men, photographers, first aid, cobblers, bugler, chaperones; and appointments were made for each meal for the Kitchen Police, cooks and waiters, so that when this schedule was posted in the dining room, everybody knew when it was his or her turn in the kitchen, and to be "on the job." The Oakland M. I. A. invited all the missionaries of the San Francisco conference to join in the hike, with all of their expenses paid by the Mutual, and fifteen of them accompanied us, and they were good hikers too. Sunday morning, after a hearty breakfast, we all climbed up on a hill overlooking the ocean, where we held our Sunday morning services, with Elder Kenneth Nielson in charge. We sang songs of Zion, and enjoyed a number of short talks, of which the general theme was thankfulness for our knowledge of the gospel; and our obligations to conduct ourselves, at all times, in a manner praiseworthy, as members of the Church of Jesus Christ, so that the good impression previously established at Willow camp, would be maintained. We felt that the Spirit of the Lord was with us in our meeting, and that our endeavors were acceptable. A fine spirit of fellowship and goodwill prevailed during the entire outing. Old friendships were made tighter, and many new ones made. Friendly confidences were exchanged and a warmer feeling stimulated among the Mutual members. We enjoyed bathing in the ocean, and playing on the beach. A huge bonfire was built on the beach, and we all sat around the fire, singing songs and watching the logs burn in the fire, with the song of the sea reaching our ears.

Monday morning, being Labor Day, many of us had another dip in the ocean and finally rounded up the crowd for lunch with a serpentine parade back to our camp, with much merry-making and wholesome fun. After lunch the majority hiked back twelve miles to Mill Valley. We all felt fully repaid for the effort made and the \$2.50 assessed to each for expenses. We are all looking forward to our next big annual hike.—*Elsie Hoffman Buchanan.*

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## The First With the Fund

The North Weber stake and the Star Valley stake has each sent to the General office full payment of the Y. M. M. I. A. general fund for 1924-25. Both of these stakes are thus over the top, with their fund matters, and have them off their hands before the opening of the lesson season. We congratulate them on this accomplishment. The cooperation of the ward presidents with the stake officers in each of these stakes has enabled the organizations easily to accomplish the task. The stake boards as well as the ward officers are congratulated upon the results, and they are assured that the Superintendency and General Board appreciate what they have done and commend their action to other stakes.



OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA M. I. A. HIKING PARTY

# THE HERITAGE AND PROMISE

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, AUTHOR OF *One Hundred Years of Mormonism*

[This is the introduction to eleven chapters to follow, treating the heritage of the young people of the Latter-day Saints, as well as the promise that is theirs for the future. The fulfilment of the promise depends upon their use of the heritage. The succeeding articles will explain how the standard qualities of thrift, industry, sobriety, respect for law, chastity, family life, duty, service, and the powerful incentives of religion, are to be acquired and cultivated, if the youth is to reach permanent greatness and success.—*Editors.*]

To the Sons and Daughters of the "Mormon" Pioneers this book is affectionately dedicated in the hope that it may prove a reminder of the "rock whence they were hewn" and help them to set their faces toward the East with its promise of the Dawn.

## INTRODUCTORY

During one of those periodical outbursts of public wrath against the "Mormons" which have been too sadly frequent in America, Thomas Richardson, a special writer on a big New York daily, was dispatched to Utah to prepare a series of articles on the life and faith of the Latter-day Saints. After a careful investigation he wrote his "story" and forwarded it to the managing editor. But it was not to the liking of that functionary, for it presented this quiet people in too favorable a light to please readers looking for sensation.

"I am sending your stuff back," he wrote to his correspondent. "It is not what we want." And he indicated what that was.

And Richardson wrote to his employer this courageous word: "I have written you the truth. If you do not want the truth, you will get nothing else from me."

And the reporter was fired by return mail.

Richardson stayed in Utah for a time, then he went farther west. At Portland, Oregon, he became secretary to the Chamber of Commerce. During the time he occupied this position he also rendered special service in many cities in the East organizing civic societies, so that he grew into more or less of a national character.

While at Portland he delivered an address in the Latter-day Saint's chapel there, under the auspices of the Mutual Improvement Associations. On this occasion, after going over his connection with the "Mormons" in Utah, in the capacity already stated, and giving his impressions of the people and their religion, he turned to a group of missionaries on the rostrum and said solemnly:

"Young men, if you would become leaders in the thought and work of the world, study the character and stick to the teachings of

your fathers! And if your people will do that, they will become the greatest people in history."

When the late Philander C. Knox was Secretary of State, during the administration of President Taft, he had as under-secretaries two "Mormon" boys. One of these one morning, having occasion to consult Mr. Knox, went into his office. It happened that, on the evening before, the department had given a "smoker" in honor of one of the assistant secretaries. As the young man began to explain his coming, Mr. Knox interrupted him.

"Before taking up that matter," he said, "I want to tell you something. Last night at the party I observed that you and your friend from Utah turned down your glasses when the wine was served and also that you refused the cigars. I have noticed the same thing on more than one other occasion. When you go back to your home in Utah I want you to take this message to your young men from me: Tell them that if they will keep what you call the Word of Wisdom, they will not only have better bodies and minds than men who do not observe that code, but in time they will become the greatest people the world has ever known. Tell them that from me."

What Richardson and Knox say on this point is either echoed or enlarged upon by other unprejudiced observers of the "Mormons" and their ways. To each, something in "Mormonism" has its special appeal. This one, for instance, speaks with enthusiasm of the Word of Wisdom, like a noted lecturer on health subjects who lately declared that this document is the most remarkable body of hygienic laws he had ever seen; that one tells of the wonderful organization of the "Mormon" Church, as when Professor Richard T. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, said before the World War that only the German army could compare in this respect with this American church; and still others single out the rural community life of the Latter-day Saints, as when Professor Warren H. Wilson informs us that in his opinion it exhibits "the principles on which American life must be organized if the farmer is to be a success, if his schools are to progress, his churches to be maintained, and if the country community is to be a good place to live in."

It is in view of these things that many thoughtful non-"Mormons", who are free from bias and who have an opportunity to observe the life of this people for themselves, expect great things of the future Latter-day Saint. Professor Carver, of Harvard University, one of the leading economists in the nation, says in his *Religion Worth Having* that the prize for being the much-mooted "religion of the future" may go to the "Mormons", little as this would be to the taste of many now living. At all events, in this book he isolates the principles on which such a religion, in his view, must be based. For the church of the future, he thinks, must be one of work here and now, not one of mere sentimental palaver about a life to come. But

these happen to be identical, for the most part, with the leading idea of the "Mormon" religion.

Thoughtful persons all over the world, especially since the Great War, are casting about in their minds for the things that endure in civilized life. They see men and women everywhere chasing the ephemeral—physical pleasure, worldly fame, wealth, and the soft place,—and shunning wherever they can the great moral obligations of the individual not only to society but in the long run to himself. So we are having dinned into our ears more and more these days the absolute necessity, if we would "carry on" not to speak of "carrying on" greatly, of cultivating the simple life and the homely virtues. We are urged to stress more than we have been doing the standard qualities of thrift, industry, sobriety, chastity, respect for law, the family life, duty, service, and faith in God. These are everywhere life's fundamentals. They are what constitute and render permanent our civilization. They will be found among the contributory causes of greatness in all human life, whether individual or national. There can be nothing permanently great in man without them.

Now, these foundational ideas "Mormonism", from its inception, has emphasized. And it has reinforced them with the powerful incentives of religion. From religious motives, therefore, as well as from motives of self-interest, the Saints have organized agriculture and industry, have maintained the family life, have encouraged education, and have striven generally for the things that enable men and women to achieve a fulness of life here and now, not to say anything of the life to come. There is no community on earth that has its life so based on fundamentals, or that has so many of these at its base, as the "Mormons." When the youth of this people, therefore, leave the banquet table of "Mormonism", on which are spread all the substantial varieties of food, and give as a reason that they have "outgrown" the teachings of this religion, where shall they go?

What in particular constitutes the heritage of young "Mormons", that so much should be expected of them by their own people and by many intelligent outsiders who are well informed on "Mormonism"? And, most of all, what is it that this generation and succeeding generations of "Mormons" can do to insure the fruitage of this inheritance?

We shall attempt to ascertain, first, what kind of people in general they are descended from—whether, as their opponents assert, their ancestors were the "scum of society," in the lands they came from, or whether, as the Saints often contend, their antecedents were a hand-picked people; secondly, what were the conditions brought about by "Mormonism" under which "Mormon" character has all along been developed; thirdly, what have been, and are, the teachings of the "Mormon" Church so far as concerns the great fundamentals that go

to the making of character, and how have these been exemplified in the daily lives of the people themselves.

If this inquiry shall prove to be what we have been led to expect from the good things that have been said about the "Mormon" people, by informed and intelligent outsiders, then a foundation shall have been laid for great expectations concerning the coming generations of Latter-day Saints, when time shall have been allowed for these elements to work out in individual and community life. So that, as great things came out of Nazareth, in spite of the forebodings of short-sighted pessimists in ancient times, so may significant things take place in future days as a result of "Mormon" plantings.

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## Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving, today, from my full heart I raise  
To Him who is worthy my worship and praise.

Thanksgiving for friendship—for friends in my need;  
Keep them still by my side, O, my Father, I plead.

Thanksgiving for home, for its sheltering fold,  
A haven of rest from life's storms drear and cold.

Thanksgiving for loved ones; for tender caress  
Of those whose affection my fireside doth bless.

Thanksgiving for trials, to chasten my soul;  
To strengthen my weakness, my passions control.

Thanksgiving for heart-strength to labor, and wait  
For the fruitage of toil; though the harvest be late.

Thanksgiving for will-power to conquer at length,  
I pray thee, increase, Lord, my measure of strength.

Thanksgiving for health, 'tis a blessing indeed;  
Ah, help me the laws of my being to heed.

Thanksgiving for faith to lead on through the night  
Till awakens the dawn of the morning's soft light.

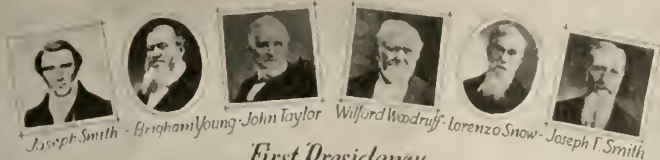
Thanksgiving for charity, kindly and strong,  
The power of forgiveness for weakness and wrong.

Thanksgiving for life and the glory of earth,  
For all beautiful things which herein have their birth.

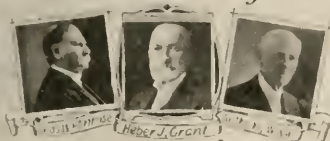
Thanksgiving for hope of a future serene,  
When earth cares shall seem only a fast fleeting dream.

Thanksgiving to God, in his Infinite might,  
For his laws and his guidance to lead me aright.

## Former Presidents



## First Presidency



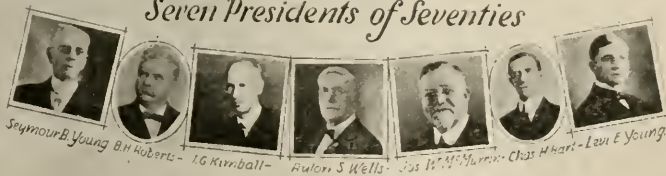
## Council of Twelve



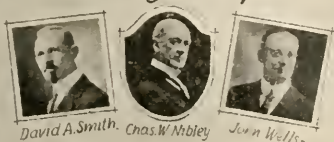
## Presiding Patriarchs



## Seven Presidents of Seventies



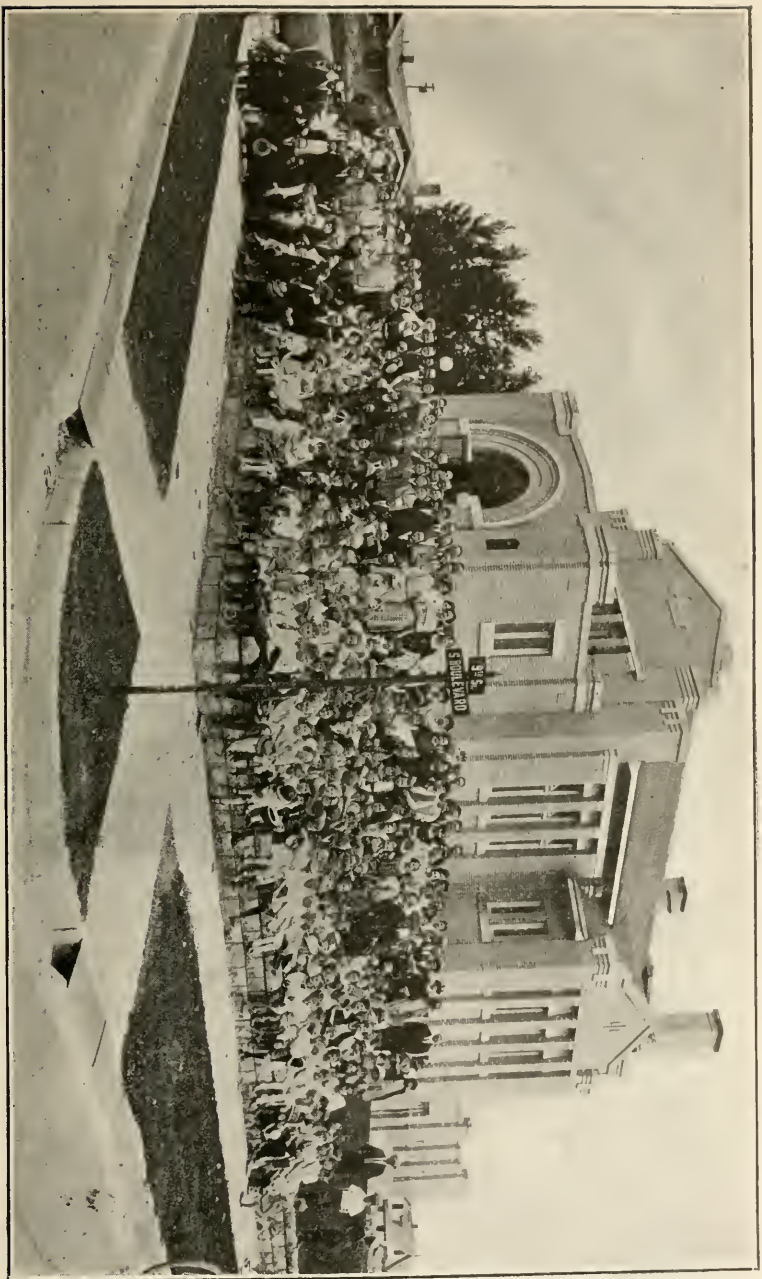
## Presiding Bishopric



October ~ 1924~

Former Presidents of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the present First Presidency, the Council of the Twelve, two former Patriarchs and the present Presiding Patriarch, the First Council of Seventy, and the Presiding Bishopric of the Church.

THE IDAHO FALLS SECOND WARD NEW CHURCH BUILDING. It is furnished on the inside with gray hardwood in every room and the fittings are the very best. The brick is of white Denver, with white stone cap-pings. When the picture was taken the Sabbath school children and officers and teachers were arranged about it, and one may judge from it that the people there have a wonderful supply of young Latter-day Saints, upon which also they are to be congratulated.



# WINNING IN THE WORKOUT

BY LOUIS W. LARSEN

"But the finest part of the race you didn't see!"

The words startled me. They fell from the lips of a famous athletic coach. I was in the locker rooms at the time, congratulating a boy on his brilliant and victorious finish in a hundred-yard dash. Several others were there, too, lavishing words of praise on the panting hero.

"But I watched the race from the crack of the gun till the instant the broken ribbon went fluttering in the air. Just what do you mean? What part of the race did I not see?" I was keen to know what the trainer had meant. His words had piqued my curiosity.

He smiled for a moment and exchanged an understanding look with his victor. These two seemed to know perfectly what he had meant, and were not a little amused at my ignorance of the game.

"You seem a bit puzzled at my remark," the mentor went on. "Listen, you men, I'm going to say something stranger still: Jim here had already won that dash when he stripped for action and took his place on the get-away line!"

This was truly astounding. We stood looking at him with wide wondering eyes, mouths agape.

"Oh, you mean it was a frame-up among the contestants—decided in advance who should win?" one of us ventured.

"No, nothing of the sort," laughed the coach. "He won the race squarely enough. But let me repeat: that boy was already victorious before he got down on the line to listen for the gun. We have a slogan around here. Every fellow knows it well. It's posted in the gym, the locker rooms, the shower booths—it's everywhere! I can repeat it for you in four crisp words: 'Win in the Workout!'"

Then he paused and smiled at how readily we grasped the idea once he had given us so promising a lead. We listened to him, eagerly, while he spoke about training in these words:

"Yes, the workout's the thing. Let me watch the training of contestants, in any sort of game, and I'll tell you who is going to win. We expect every fellow to do his best on the day of the meet, sure; but we know mighty well that the cards are stacked against him, if he isn't trained right up to the last notch.

"Why, men, the contest's only an incidental thing, a little exhibition for the diversion of the spectators. The big contest, the real contest, is waged when the bleachers are empty and there's no one around to cheer. It's not so much a matter of native speed as it is of hard grilling. He wins who is the most patient, the most persistent,

the most dogged in following the rules of training. The final clash is always a thriller to the 'sidelines;' but to a sober, hardened old coach like me, the dash is only an indication of which side has made the best job of its preparation. Why, I don't even cheer when my boys win; I've done my cheering all along, during the workout."

That sermon set me pondering. I had never thought it out in just that way. "Win in the Workout!"—what a beautiful slogan. And how it applies to any sort of contest, even outside the sphere of athletics. That coach had taught me about the most vivid lesson I had ever learned. It came to me all in a flash that life itself is a contest and that its greatest victories must be won in the workout.

Every young man can take the lesson home. It is not mere sentiment. It's a fact—a fact of immense practical importance. If it doesn't teach youth that preparation for one's life work is more important than luck, accident of birth and "pull" all combined—then youth is incapable of a serious thought and will deserve to come limping across the line when first, second and third places have been brilliantly won.

Every man's youth is a workout, and what folly to expect victory unless he settles down to a hard, hard grind before it is spent. Some day he will be in the final clash, pitted against a rival for a coveted position; and no amount of heroic competition then can take the place of training now. His friends will be there to cheer him out, but their applause will reach his ears as echoes of mockery if he goes down to defeat because he is undertrained.

Somewhere, boy, you have a rival. He is headed for the same bright goal as you. Your paths lie wide apart now, but they will draw nearer and nearer as the years pass. Perhaps this rival of yours will not come actually into view until you are both within a few yards of the finish; but it's no less a race on that account. The workout, remember, is a part of the contest. Indeed, a very crucial part!

This rival of yours is in training—now. The light of hope is in his face, fierce determination is stamped on his brow. His eyes, if you could see them, would flash you a confident challenge. He is a dangerous rival, a rival to reckon with, and he's playing the game fair.

May be the problem in algebra you sit up half of this night to solve will be the bit of mental discipline you can some day point to as the deciding factor in your triumph. Who knows? Train hard, young man, spare no pains in the workout.

Is this mere talk, fanciful juggling of words, a little more futile sermonizing? No, far from it! It is a grim warning. Let us see now how it applies in a literal way.

One day, in some town or city, when the hands of the clock indicate a certain hour, a decision is going to be made that will determine whether or not you are going to be given the position you

have applied for. If you win, the names of the other applicants, your competitors, will be tossed into the waste-basket. But if you lose, one of those rivals of yours will get the glad word, and your name will go into the discard. Yes, that is one of the coming events, as certain to arrive as the proverbial tax notice.

And those rivals are not ethereal creatures, non-existent, to be reckoned with lightly. They are real flesh-and-blood fellows like yourself, about your age and dreaming the kind of dreams that fill your life with promise. They are striving and dreaming somewhere now, this very hour.

So, it is a real personal matter with you. These young men are after the job that you've got your heart set on. If you could see the enthusiasm they put into their work, the long hours they toil, the faith they have in the outcome, you would tremble with a feeling of insecurity and buckle down to the hardest grind of your life.

Who is going to win? The workout will tell!

You are going to have a business of your own, you say? And will ask no odds of an employer? Let us see how that will work out. That business of yours will be at such a number, on a certain street of a town or city that is somewhere on the American map. You will have competitors, to be sure. Your success will depend on a number of things, but mostly on your ability to conduct a business in the face of keen rivalry.

There's the rub—rivalry! You cannot escape that in this age of freedom and specialization. No matter what line you choose, you will have competitors, alert and keen men, who will put you to the test. The rule of survival of the fit holds in business too.

So it comes to this: if you are one of the fit, it will be because you have got well prepared for the business you enter. Everywhere you come plump against the hard fact of winning in the workout or not winning at all.

In the professions it is the same. Rivalry, competition, brains and skill pitted against skill and brains. And the best brains are the ones best trained for the task essayed. There is no escape from the inexorable law of struggle, elimination, survival. There are professional men by the scores who make barely enough to go on existing, while others command all the bounties and luxuries of modern living.

Which class will you enter? That depends on how seriously you weigh the problem before you, on the kind of decision you reach and the kind of energy you display in the workout. Maybe the fellow who will prove the hardest contender for the place you will want to fill is sweating in the laboratory, somewhere, at this very moment.

It is the same in every field of endeavor. Youth is the period of the workout. Remember the wise words of the athletic coach:

"The finest part of the race we do not see at all!"

# TAKING A CHANCE

BY H. J. JOHNSTON

Gambling is a vice worse than drink and nearly as bad as drugs. It lures with false promises and in a short time destroys the work of a lifetime. It makes honest work seem not worth while. It kills ambition. You see the poor victims of games of chance hanging around dens and pool halls, race tracks and other places of ill-repute. To quote from Willis: "Temptation hath a music for all ears." In their case the music is all discord.

The men who encourage gambling, and are looking for more suckers to trim, will point out some man who has been winning and call him a lucky dog, but they never show you the man in the gutter who was once a "lucky dog." The man they now point out for you may seem lucky, but rest assured, he is on his way to the gutter just as surely as the sun arises in the east.

Money won in a game of chance is won without effort. What comes without effort does not stay and brings no happiness. Gambling leads to destruction and misery. It destroys honor, and the man who indulges in it shows a weakness, shows a lack of courage to make a fight and gain his money by honest effort, shows conceit—for he is sure he can win where all others have failed.

There are many forms of the vice. Speculation, get-rich-quick schemes of all kinds. A wildcat oil company offers you stock at a dollar per share and promises you that it will jump to ten dollars a share. They know the human weakness for games of chance and prompt you with an offer of ten dollars for one. If you buy that stock you are making a leap in the dark, you are making a blind bargain, you are taking a gambler's chance, you have been lied to, you have been bilked, for if there was any chance of a share of stock going to ten dollars they would keep it themselves. Don't fool yourself into thinking that these promotors are losing sleep in trying to make money for you. If they had such a good thing as they offer you in glowing terms you would never get a look in. All the sleep they are losing is when they think that there is a sucker born every minute and that one might escape them.

Men and women who claim that they haven't the time to attend church or look after their spiritual welfare will spend many hours throughout the year at card playing. Some of our ladies think it quite the proper thing to have card playing clubs where prizes are given for the best scores. If you mentioned to these ladies that they were gambling, and were just as guilty as if they played for money they would be highly indignant. They are just as surely gambling as if they played with money, for the prize has a value and is the

stake for which they play. It cost the hostess money to put the prize there. The lucky winner of the prize will soon find it her turn to buy a prize. Some day she must return the party. In the end it has cost all members of the club real money, and that is not all; they have wasted so much valuable time which could have been used to their advantage at something worth while.

The card table has been the scene of many quarrels, many murders and the start of lifelong hatreds. Too often it has engendered in the hearts of players a lying, cheating spirit. It encourages trickery, for the players measure their success by ability to win, and in many cases figure out dark and devious ways to gain their end.

To those who find an excuse for cards as an innocent form of amusement I would say that cards are the perfect and cleverly worked out instruments of the gambler, and the companionship of cards is not like that of innocent games; for the cards lead to the haunts of the gambler. Any game that leads to questionable society, because it is the chief pleasure of such a class, should be excluded from the home. There are plenty of innocent games.

Gambling is forbidden by law and looked down upon by the self-respecting element of society. Still the demon stalks throughout our land in various disguises. Raffling and guessing contests; punchboards and the hundreds of devices one can see at fairs and carnivals are merely the beckoning talons of the demon of chance appealing to the gambling instinct which seems to be hidden deep within a large percent of us mortals. The desire to get something for nothing is pernicious.

Young people in search of amusement should look for something that will not injure them morally or physically. There seems to be a belief among some of our young folks that the only enjoyment worth while is something which will be detrimental to both body and spirit. Such a belief is a fallacy. We should train ourselves to find pleasure in the things which stimulate us and lead to higher things. We must keep away from the recreation which stunts and dulls our intellect. Gambling is a stupid thing; it shows weakness; it shows conceit, and it takes you away from the worthwhile things of life. A man with a hundred dollars, on his way to a gambling table, is figuring out a way to get another hundred from some other gambler. He wastes the whole night and in the morning finds himself fagged and without money. If he had put as much effort into planning a way to invest his hundred he would have added to his independence which comes from steady, honest effort and saving. Don't listen to the music of the tempter of chance. When you earn your money be wise. Put it where it will grow honestly and stay with you. Don't take a chance with the milkers, the usurers who fatten on your loss and ruin. Don't take a chance.

*Tobar, Nevada*

# THOSE WHO SIT IN DARKNESS

BY ONE WHO SAT IN DARKNESS

[Ordinarily the *Era* does not print stories containing gloomy pictures, from the fact that there is gloom enough in life without having to read about it. It cannot hurt, however, to bring out the shades, at times, to a laughing, thoughtless public. It is like telling the sailors, "Do not cheer, boys! The poor devils are dying all around." The author of this story—experience, we ought rather to say—has asked us not to use her name. She says: "If the reading of this article will cause some to be a bit more grateful and thoughtful for their religion; or, if tempted, to think twice before leaving the 'Light' to follow the strange paths, then the tears of 'one who sat in darkness' will not have been shed entirely in vain."—EDITORS.]

The peace, the contentment, the sense of security that the gospel brings! What self-control it gives us in times of our greatest disaster and trial, for we have knowledge of an all-wise and powerful One on whom we may rely. How it teaches us to be upright, unselfish and clean! How it binds families together in love and keeps them true to one another in happiness and adversity?

I, living in the security of the gospel and in these dear Utah valleys, did not so fully realize these facts until I had been cut off from them and dwelt among people who had never had these blessings. They had never heard the gospel. They scarcely believed in God or at least thought much about him—not unusual people at all—just everyday people. "People of the world," the kind who make up the great masses outside the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The following are a few of the many I saw who dwelt in darkness:

In the room next to mine on the right lived a "lunger." A "lunger" is one suffering from some form of lung trouble, generally incurable, who only exists or prolongs his life by living in the high, dry air of the West. I became acquainted with him through cutting my finger and seeing "Nurse" on a sign in their window, I wished the lady to bind up my cut. This seemed a good excuse to become acquainted with apparently nice people, a handsome boy and girl of fourteen and sixteen years whom I had seen romping about the yard. The mother, who was the nurse, had a fresh, pink complexion as one having splendid health.

When I entered the room I found the father alone. I explained my mission. The blue, puffed lips quivered.

"They have gone," he said. His family had been paying him a short visit. Now they had returned to their home in a distant state.

Night after night I heard him through the thin board partition coughing and gasping for breath. I feared each paroxysm would be his last. He said death would not be so dreadful could it come with his loved one by his bedside, but to die alone in the long night watches! To lie undiscovered for hours, perhaps days, as he had no visitors and he did his own work. His humble room was always scrubbed, his blue flannel shirts and handkerchiefs clean. Weak and dying, his love of decency and cleanliness would flame strong until the end.

Had the gospel of Jesus Christ been in that family, the wife and children would have put aside every selfish consideration and remained to cheer and comfort their father and husband; that is, if they had lived up to its teachings.

In the room on the left of mine were a man and a woman living out of wedlock. Out of work, they had left their baby at an orphan's home, at the man's suggestion. But the mother's heart and thoughts were constantly with her little one. When they moved to a new city, in the little room next to mine, and the man got employment, the mother insisted on going for her baby. How she scrubbed and cleaned that all might be ready for her darling. They went for it on Sunday in a severe storm, but came back with empty hands. The next Sunday they went again, but though the day was again stormy and little Ruth was very ill with influenza, the mother broke down and rode over all obstacles and brought her daughter home. Day and night she nursed her, sparing not herself, as only a mother can and does. In a week the baby was almost well. She found time to lend me aid. I, down with influenza, the spark of life low within me, was only kept burning by the thought of my own baby daughter who would be worse than alone without me in that strange land, who would be brought up without a knowledge of her mother, and far worse—her mother's God. This other mother found time to run in while her own baby slept. She would sweep my floor and "tidy up" my wretched, mean room, for I was in poverty, alone and friendless. When I left I felt not at all defiled by the kiss of this mother out of wedlock. She had sinned, but she loved and suffered, as any other mother the world over. When I returned with my new baby boy several weeks later, her room was vacant. Her baby's father was "keeping company" with another, a dazzling Spanish girl. I learned that the mother, finding that her companion was wearying of her and the baby, had taken her little Ruth and gone back to her mother's in another part of the state, where she sought employment to support herself and baby, a true mother heart! Heaven, I fancy, will deal leniently with this poor girl, one of those who sit in darkness.

In the room beyond hers were twins—a fine boy and girl of twelve, living with their father. He was a German with a narrow mind and set ways. The young hearts were breaking for a mother's

love and presence. The parents lived apart. Their mother had had all the five children in a neighboring state. But a year before, at the father's urgent request, she had allowed the twins to go to him on a visit. Month after month went by and still the children were put off when they pleaded to go home. Their father said he could not afford the extra money it would take for their fare. So their hearts went on longing for their absent mother.

I discovered this later, when I, bereft of my own babies, would find the little girl rushing into my arms in her sympathy for me, and her own need of mother love. The last I heard of them they were yet waiting and pining!

Across the tiny court in another poor room lived a woman and her seven-year old son. She had once been beautiful. In her wonderful hair, her tiny figure and her bird-like ways clung fragments of lost loveliness. Her walk, her dress and manner were those of one to the manor born. Through my cheerless panes I have watched her as she went across the court for water and wood. Sometimes a big, rough man called there whom the little boy called Daddy.

I never met her until the day she moved away, when she called to ask for a match. She bent over my little son.

"Your baby is starving to death," she said.

"I know it," I replied.

"Why don't you change his feed?"

"I cannot, my husband will not allow me."

"Husband or no husband, I should."

In spite of this spirited reply tears were streaming unheeded down her delicate cheeks. Then I knew she, too, belonged to that world-wide and ancient Order of Breaking Hearts.

"I am going home," she announced, her tones like the chiming of glad bells, and she named a "Mormon" town in a border state of Utah.

"How I wish I were, too!" I said.

"I know you do, you poor thing."

I had thought my tear wells were long ago drained dry, but at the sound of that word, "home," my tears were flowing with hers. The law had freed her from her husband, now she was going home with her little boy. After she had left, I remembered that the name she had given as her home had been a Utah town. For over two years I had carried a lamp of faith and prayer seeking a Latter-day Saint in a land where there was none. I would scan every frank, kindly face. Once in my loneliness and need, I almost asked the milkman "point blank," "What is your religion?" for he had the honest, pleasant way of "my own people," the Saints of God.

Could it be that my visitor was a "Mormon" like myself? Could it be that I had lived but a few feet from a "Mormon" for weeks without knowing it? It was too late. She was gone. I never

knew. But surely that lilt in her voice as she said "home" could only come because she, too, had long dwelt an exile in a strange land—one of those who sit in darkness, but who have known the light, and who, day and night, always, can never forget that wondrous beacon high on the mountain tops and long for it with a yearning which those who dwell securely there in its rays, thank heaven, can never know.

Oh, the peace, the contentment, the joy that the gospel brings!

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## The Mills of God

I hear the wheels of the mills of God;  
 A solemn sound, as round and round,  
 Now in the sky, now on the ground  
 They go—the belt of his love between.  
 A long belt, a strong belt,  
 Turning those wheels, by the eye unseen;  
 And you've felt, and I've felt,  
 The pressure as of a winepress trod.

The mills of God have an unknown force;  
 They ever go, with movements slow—  
 The cranking gear swings to and fro—  
 They grind the grain of our lives to grist.  
 The good grain, the bad grain,  
 Of whatever class it may consist;  
 And your pain, and my pain,  
 Come and go as a matter of course.

I like to think of the mills of God,  
 They grind with care, exact and fair;  
 The bad is fanned from good in there.  
 And thoroughly purged is his threshing floor.  
 A cool wind, a fresh wind,  
 Flows over all from the open door,  
 For I've sinned, and you've sinned,  
 And heard him say, "Pass under the rod."

The mills of God have a music sweet,  
 A singing sound; about, around,  
 Among the trees, along the ground,  
 Like the song of birds, the hum of bees:  
 A soft song, a pure song,  
 Blowing o'er my soul a scented breeze.  
 And our song, and all songs  
 Are incense laid at the Lord's own feet.

*Hobart, Tasmania.*

A. C. A. DEAN HEWER.

# YOUR BUSINESS EDUCATION— WHAT IS IT?

BY A. REX JOHNSON, INSTRUCTOR IN OFFICE PRACTICE,  
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

"The college man has long been needed in business," writes James Simpson, President of Marshall Field and Company.

"For many of our college men their years in college are a time when the religious spirit is quickened, when it finds direction and companionship," declares Chancellor Elmer E. Brown of New York University, head of the largest school of business in the world. He shows that the years during which our college students receive their training—the late teens and during the twenties—are years of tension and readjustment not only in life but in ideals. The demand for graduates is apparent, but the kind has possibility for improvement.

It doesn't take much imagination to realize that a business career presents an alluring opportunity for service to one's fellowmen, but those who go into business ought to go with more than a disciplined body, trained mind, generous spirit and a determination to do something individually worth while. They do well to recall R. W. Babson's story of his visit to South America where he received from the President of the Argentine Republic his idea as to why South America is so far behind North America, though settled earlier. The reply is significant: "I have come to this conclusion. South America was settled by the Spanish, who came to South America in search of *gold*, but North America was settled by the Pilgrim fathers who were in search of *God*."

The hope of instilling a religious point of view into the students of an institution is not new, yet the aim is that the "do unto others" spirit should be paramount; and its practicability has been demonstrated. People gasped when John Wanamaker, pioneering the department store conducted by him, clearly set forth his idea of a golden rule policy; but success most certainly crowned his effort. No one can scoff at either the principle or the practice of Arthur ("Golden Rule") Nash of Cincinnati, who built up his tailoring business on the golden rule plan and in a short period of five years developed it from a \$132,000 to a \$7,000,000 concern. J. C. Penny and his chain of stores are too well known to need comment. It is to be regretted that there are not more outstanding leaders with the ideal well grounded in their practice.

Then as the epitome of it all comes Roger W. Babson, fearless and vigorous in his world-wide cry for more "religion in business."

The success of these world leaders demonstrates that the training of business students in a predominately religious atmosphere is an ideal

situation. The education of the student's heart, both that he may know wherein lies true wealth and that he may learn to use rightly the power over his fellows which wealth will put into his hands—in other words that the law of conscience may be foremost in his life—has been preached for some time. There is both the possibility because of the students' age, and absolute probability because of the prevailing atmosphere, that a near approach to the ideal business basis hoped for by all, and expressed by Babson will be found at the B. Y. U., for it is emphasized that the acquisitive type of personal success is less to be desired than that of achieving—creating—accomplishing something which will be a real contribution to the society in which we live. The result must assuredly be a genuine example of Christianity—that ideal mode of life—by a reversal to the old time “do-unto-others-as-you-would-be-done-by” method.

Hand in hand with this religious ideal must go the ideals of industry and productivity. In these conscience holds wide sway and can be well trained to see the right. And college training is worth while thinks President Simpson of Marshall Field and Company, who points out that “a higher education serves as a valuable background to a successful commercial career. \* \* \* The firm foundations supplied by higher education makes progress surer and faster than otherwise would be possible.”

Since the installation of its college of commerce three years ago, the number of commerce graduates going out from the B. Y. U. has not been large, but their background has been unique. Those who have had to do with their training feel that signal success has been attained, because in this institution, founded as it is solely on religious principles set forth by its great founder of the same name, specifying that nothing should be taught except that it be done through the Spirit of God, there is held up constantly a Golden Rule principle for every-day living, and those in the commercial studies live in the vitally needed atmosphere.

Opportunity seems already to have knocked at the College of Commerce doors for one hundred per cent placement is the report of those having in charge the location of those receiving degrees from the Church University. Since the beginning of this college three years ago its graduates have already been placed as follows: 53% in business; 20% in teaching business subjects, 14% on mission, 13% going on toward higher degrees.

May we suppose that to the parable of the ten talents has been added an eleventh which Matthew 25:28 promises will be given to certain ones—this time the applying of the Golden Rule to industry by putting into practice that religious ideal which has been developed in our Church schools; a dissemination of higher ideals and standards of business and political morality?

*Provo, Utah.*

# "HOW I WAS CURED OF SWEARING"

BY GLEN PERRINS

At the age of fourteen I swore like a veteran. It was always a mystery to mother where I picked it up, and she had tried almost every method of breaking me of my bad habit. (Even today I can taste the soap which almost daily washed the sins out of my mouth years ago.) But her efforts were of no avail—swearing somehow just "slipped out"—and my weakness stayed with me. That is, swearing stayed with me until I was fifteen years old. Something happened then which created within me an utter disgust for the habit.

"Come along to the scout meeting, tonight," my brother urged one day. "You can learn something—and besides," he added as an afterthought, "we're going to have a big hike next week. If you come tonight you're invited."

The thought of being out-of-doors in the hills with a gang of fellows had a strong appeal to me. I yielded. That night I attended my first Boy Scout meeting.

I was very much impressed with the training, and, as my brother had said, I did "learn something." I was shown how different knots were tied. I was taught in the manner of first aid, and learned the mysteries of bandaging wounds. Then I listened to the week's good turns; heard the Scout oaths and was told of their high ideals.

"How wonderful it would be," I thought to myself, "were I able to live up to those lofty standards."

While I sat musing over the boy scouts, someone mentioned the hike and there was a general buzz of excitement. The Scoutmaster quieted them, however, and read them the plans for the trip. He had arranged everything.

We left the following Saturday morning bright and early.

Everything went fine. We arrived at camp in good order, and, being hungry after the appetizing walk, began immediately to build fires and cook our meals. Right here I learned something. I struck a match to light the pile of brush, but the Scoutmaster put it out immediately and ordered that the fire be started in true scout fashion. This was done, as most of the young readers know, by means of two rocks.

But to get back to the swearing cure.

Camp broke up at last, and the boys started for home. Alas! just as I turned to go, the Scoutmaster requested that I put out the fires. I hastened to do it, but several minutes were lost and the gang, I thought, must be some distance down the trail.

The Scoutmaster complimented me on my good work as I dashed

hurriedly to catch up. I could see the fellows ahead of me winding around the mountain side, and I wondered why they hadn't waited for me. I was a little angry. Then, when I stumbled and fell, my anger increased.

When I got within shouting distance, I began to yell at the gang, mixing in somewhat, as was usual, a "line" of profanity that made them pause and wonder. Delighted that they had stopped I continued to shout and swear: not meaning half what I said, of course, but in my habitual, good-natured cursing fashion. Needless to say, they waited.

Without noticing the look of astonishment upon their faces when I caught up with them I began telling them how the low-down Scoutmaster of theirs gave me the task of putting out all the fires, etc., etc. As none of the Scouts answered I asked them what, in the name of a few bad words, was the matter?

The person that stepped forward to answer my question was none other than the Scoutmaster himself. I thought he was far behind me at camp, but, as I afterwards learned, he had taken a short cut to catch up with the boys.

I felt so ashamed at what I had said that I wanted to sink into the ground. I wanted to run, but flight had fled from me. So I stood still. I could do nothing; that is, nothing, except, of course, apologize. I did, and with sincerity. But I had no desire to hike with the crowd any more. I turned toward home. I was cured of swearing.

## The Image Maker

Jean by name, poet by nature,  
An image maker am I,  
A poet, as men say, poor,  
Yet, richer than Croesus.

A poet is never poor,  
His riches are within him;  
To him, water is as wine  
Of the vintage of Venus.

A poet is never lonely,  
Surrounded by his creatures only,  
More things are his than all the earth  
contains;

For him Heaven is unpeopled.

For him, there is no past,  
The *Immortal Now* is his;  
Time is *Now* and never other;

*Shelley, Idaho.*

There is no death,  
Life is more than breath,  
Love is Spirit Laughter.

Things unseen are his,  
Timeless riches;  
God gave him riches,  
No man can make him poor.

A garland gathered by the gods  
Adorns his brow;  
A ruler is he  
By Divine right of things.

He loves the living,  
There are no dead to him;  
All men are images of God—  
And the Image Maker is a man.

AUBREY PARKER.

# PROPHECY AND HISTORY

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class M. I. A., 1924-25

## HISTORY—THE FOUNDING OF UTAH

BY PROF. LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

### Part II

Lesson VII.—Read Chapters XXI, XXII, XXIII

#### *Introduction*

Lessons V and VI have given the reader some ideas concerning the economic and political life in early-day Utah. The people were thrown on their own resources, and were compelled to redeem the soil and to make of the desert places gardens and grain fields. They had to plan carefully and work together in order to accomplish what they set out to do. The pioneers were adventurous spirits, who braved the hardships of the frontier. They were in frequent contact with the Indians; they had to bridge streams; go to the canyons for wood; build roads into remote parts, and from town to town. They had dash and spirit, and the reader of the *Founding of Utah* has already discovered that the work of the pioneers was a worthy achievement.

At first the towns were isolated, but their isolation was not for long. Every year, large companies crossed the plains to Utah and the pioneer could sing:

"I listen long  
To his domestic hum, and I think I hear  
The sound of that advancing multitude  
Which soon shall fill these deserts."

Every valley of Utah is rich in memories of the joys and sorrows of the pioneers. In some of the homes may be gathered stories of tragedies rivalling in interest anything told of the older lands of chivalry and romance.

These chapters tell about the old highways of travel, and how the pioneers built the roads and bridges. Salt Lake City was always the centre of social, industrial, and educational life; it was also the centre of Zion for the people, and to the City people came with their produce; and twice every year, they came up to their semi-annual conferences to "hear the word of God." In the different communities, the pioneers organized into working units, and all turned out with plows and scrapers to build roads, and bridge streams. Timbers were brought from the nearest canyons, and while some of the men constructed the bridges, others made roads. The women carried food out along the highways to the men, and in this work, as in all other work, the women did their share.

After reading chapter XXI the reader should try to find some pioneer who has taken part in building the highways. The stories of the struggles to make it possible for the early people to get from place to place are full of interest. I remember conversing once with Joseph Ridges, and he told me an interesting story of how some of the wooden pipes of the great Tabernacle organ were hauled from southern Utah over the rocky and dusty roads for a distance of three hundred miles. It sometimes took six yoke of oxen from six to eight days to haul one stone from the Cottonwood quarries to the Temple Block at Salt Lake City.

*Questions*

1. Can you tell something about the old road or roads that connected your city or town with the neighboring cities?
2. Who were some of the people who first settled your town or city?
3. Did they travel an old road, or did they have to blaze the trail and make the roads and bridges later.
4. Give something of the history of the blazing of the trail into San Juan county.
5. What were the Toll-roads, and how were they kept up?
6. Why is the State Road or State Street in Utah interesting to you?

Then this lesson tells something about the pioneer homes. The homes were far different to the ones we enjoy today. As you have read chapter XXII you have observed the different types of houses in pioneer days. Some of the pioneers brought tents with them, others always slept in or under their wagons. John Pack had a tent that had been used in the War of 1812. The first houses were log cabins. These houses had no cellars under them. A boulder was placed at the end of the base-logs at each corner of the building, as a support for the walls. It was slow work, felling the pines, and cutting them into proper lengths, hewing them into shape and laying them in position. But slowly the rafters were put into position, and slowly the building rose until it was ten or twelve feet high. Then the rafters were placed in position, and the chimney built. A stone foundation was built up to the level of the floor, and covered with sand-stone to serve as a hearth. A fire-place was built of stones, and above it was erected the chimney, with sticks an inch or so in diameter, laid tier upon tier in the form of a hollow rectangle, and carried a foot or two above the roof. The chimney was covered with mud and clay, both inside and out. The roof of the cabin was made of slabs and covered with dirt. There was always a door and as a rule two windows, in which oiled paper was used instead of glass. The interstices between the logs were filled with sticks and mud.

The pioneers brought some very fine furniture over the plains, and in some of the old homes were chests or drawers, a grandfather's chair, a piano or harpsichord; moulds for the making of candles, and always a spinning wheel. It will be interesting to study the home life of the pioneers.

The following tells something about home-manufacture.

When a piece of land was cleared of sage-brush, the brush was burned and the ashes used for the manufacture of potash. Nearly every farmer had a leach or large vat (sometimes a barrel) which he filled with ashes. Over these he poured a quantity of water. The mixture was stirred every day. More water was poured on, and the mixture allowed to filter through into a receptacle in the form of lye. A certain amount of this liquid was used in the manufacture of soap. This was made by adding animal fat to the lye, and boiling it down for hours. This was done in a large kettle, after the mixture cooled, it congealed and became solid.

Many of our grandmothers will be able to relate how they made home-spun in the homes of early days. Then too, they will tell you how they prepared the meals.

It is in chapter XXIII, where we tell something about the trials and difficulties of the pioneers. These are all experiences told to the author by those who went through the days of struggle. The author has collected over three hundred such stories. The reader will realize their value.

Have someone tell your class about their early day experiences.

*Questions and Problems*

1. Tell how trials and difficulties develop character. Visit the old Riter Cabin in Liberty Park; or the one on the Temple Block.
2. Describe an early day home.
3. What lessons do you derive from a study of early home life in Utah?

## Lesson VIII.—Read Chapters XXIV, XXV and XXVI

*By Way of Introduction, Read Section 134 of the Doctrine and Covenants*

Chapter XXIV tells about the work of the Utah pioneers as soldiers in the service of their country. It must always be kept in mind that the Latter-day Saints have upheld sacredly the institutions of their country. To them the Constitution of the United States is the embodiment of the highest ideals of government, and it was the result of the ages of experience of the English people, who, as no other people, have worked out for themselves the most democratic forms of government ever given to mankind. So in times of war, the people of Utah have ever stood for their country, realizing always that the Government of the United States has never made an aggressive warfare for conquest for conquest's sake, nor has it ever subjugated people who have come under its flag. When war has come, the "Mormon" people have ever stood loyally for the ideals of Government of our great land.

*Questions and Problems*

1. What brought about the war with Mexico?
2. Why were the "Mormon" pioneers asked to take part in that war?
3. Why was it hard on the migrating Saints to send 500 men to serve their country?
4. Tell something about their long march.
5. What was the effects of that march?
6. Why is the Battalion worthy of a monument?
7. Try to have some descendant of a Battalion soldier come and relate to you the story of his father.
8. What were the causes of the Civil War?
9. Why did Lincoln call upon the "Mormons" to furnish soldiers to guard the telegraph lines?
10. What part did Utah play in the Civil War?
11. Tell about the services held in honor of Abraham Lincoln, just after his assassination.
12. Where were they held?

In discussing the Indian wars of Utah, it will be well to keep in mind the general attitude of Brigham Young and the pioneers towards the Indians. "It is better to feed them than to fight them," said the great leader and prophet, and this policy was followed as far as possible. But the Indians did not always understand the motives of the pioneers, and all over the West, they had come to believe that the white men were pushing them away from their "happy hunting grounds." Then they had been mistreated and many a company of overland emigrants to California or Oregon would wage war against them for some slight provocation. The Indians resented the losing of their lands and at times fought desperately for their rights.

*Questions and Problems*

1. Why did the pioneers try to be just with the Indians?
2. Were they as a rule successful?

3. Who were some of the noted Indians of Utah? (Soweitte was one of the most noted of all western Indians; see page 269.)
4. What caused the Walker War?
5. The Blackhawk War?
6. What is now being done for the old Indian fighters of Utah?
7. What part did General Conner play in our Indian history? (You will like General Conner as a character when you come to know him.) If you will visit the cemetery at Fort Douglas, Utah, you will find the graves of some of the United States soldiers who fell in the Bear River campaign under General Conner.
8. Have some one tell about the old Indian chief Washakie.

Incidentally the following will be of interest to the class from the recent issue of the *New York World*:

### 2,619 MORE INDIANS IN U. S.

*Oklahoma, With 119,989 Redskins, Tops List, While N. Y. Has 6,135*

Washington, Oct. 6.—The Indian population of the United States increased 2,619 last year and now totals 346,962, a tabulation made public today by the Indian Bureau shows.

Oklahoma still leads with 119,989 Indians and next in order with more than 5,000 each are Arizona, 42,941; South Dakota, 23,962; New Mexico, 20,834; California, 18,702; Minnesota, 13,920; Montana, 12,953; Washington, 12,664; North Carolina, 11,949; Wisconsin, 11,236; Michigan, 7,631; Nevada, 6,157; New York, 6,135; North Dakota, 9,818, and Oregon, 6,692.

The figures do not include some 60,000 who have surrendered their tribal identity and are counted in the general population.

## Part III

### Lesson IX.—Read in Part III, Chapters XXVII, XXVIII and XXIX

We now come to a very different phase of Utah history. It is the story of the development of our schools and other institutions of learning. "It is possible that no pioneers of America ever had a higher regard for learning and culture than the pioneers of Utah." Do you think this statement is correct? It would be well to start the lesson by reading certain parts of the Doctrine and Covenants. At least remember what is said in Section 93: "The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth." And in Section 130, we read: "Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection \* \* \* And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much advantage in the world to come."

So wherever the Saints located, they had dreams of educating their children, and the story of education in Utah is therefore a dramatic one.

Compare the illustration of the first school in Utah with some modern school building. The illustration on page 299 was drawn by Mahonri Young, a grandson of Brigham Young, and one of America's most noted sculptors.

### Questions and Problems

1. Tell something about the ideals of the "Mormon" pioneers in regards to education.
2. Why was it a struggle in the early days to build schools?
3. Tell about the first school in Utah and something about Utah's first school teachers Mary Jane Dilworth and Julian Moses.

4. Tell about other schools of the early days.
5. Have you found out about the first school in your city or town?
6. Who were some of the first teachers?
7. Tell about some early day school experiences.
8. When was the University of Deseret founded?
9. Tell about the law which brought the University into existence.
10. What did the regents do to encourage the collection of books, maps, etc.?
11. Who was John Pack, and where was the old Pack home in the seventeenth ward at Salt Lake City?
12. Contrast the first University building with the beautiful Administration building at the campus today.

The Latter-day Saints established a university in Nauvoo which was called the University of Nauvoo. While it had but a nominal existence, it was nevertheless expressive of ideals of the people. There were also grammar schools in Nauvoo.

## Let Wisdom's Voice Control

O life, that brings a greater love,	Oh, Nations of this stricken world,
I bid thee come and dwell with me,	I would you'd hearken unto me,
To teach me how to live above	I am the truth, I am the word,
The frailest things that I may see.	And what I teach is best for thee;
In all my work in all my life	I am the life you all should live
May love and kindness fill my soul,	I am the light you should behold;
And then in times of joy or strife,	I'm here again to freely give,
May I let wisdom's voice control.	If you let wisdom's voice control.

O life, so great, of love divine	O, spirit of disarmament,
The world at large has thought of thee;	To this free land we welcome thee.
So may the scourges tune the mind	So bring to us the Nations' front
Of those who say they will not see,	And do make peace and harmony.
And in these times of troublous gloom	When we have solemn council sought,
Which by the prophets have been told,	Do thou thy mystery unfold;
	'Tis then with joy and peace for thought
May greater things replace them soon,	We will let wisdom's voice control.
And help let wisdom's voice control.	

Oh, great and worthy King of kings,  
 When all are strict in tune with thee,  
 The love divine within thy wings  
 Will set thy chosen people free,  
 To live the life of joy and rest  
 With noble blessings many,  
 So bear in mind, here, in the West,  
 We will let wisdom's voice control.

*Mink Creek, Idaho.*

CHRISTEN HANSEN.

## ANDREW KIMBALL

Andrew Kimball, president of the Saint Joseph stake (Arizona) died in Salt Lake City, August 31, 1924. Born of parents who gave their all for the advancement of the Church (he was the son of President Heber C. Kimball), he espoused the cause of the gospel in his youth and devoted all the labor of his life to its establishment among men. He was a credit and an honor to his parents, his Church, his country and to his family who were left to mourn him.



The Late President Andrew Kimball, of the  
St. Joseph Stake, Arizona

President Kimball's work in the Saint Joseph stake, where he labored untiringly for twenty-six years, will long be remembered. He devoted himself to the advancement of the Gila college, was interested in irrigation, and made every effort to build up the communities in his charge. He took pride in being a citizen of Arizona, where, for many years he served in the state legislature, and as chairman of the agriculture and horticulture boards. For many years he was associated with the Arizona Eastern Railway, as director and as commissioner of immigration. He was employed as special representative of the A. T. & S. F. railway, at the time of his death.

In all his labors he had one central motive. It was to build up the Church and kingdom of God. As he lay ill in Salt Lake City, he remarked to those about him: "First and last be the glory of God, and the salvation of his children. What a chance we take, if we

have not repented and been forgiven in this life. By knowledge and information accumulated by self-effort, one can go to preach to the spirits. If you go into the spirit world helter-skelter, you take a terrible chance, but if you go with your credentials, how glorious. The call will soon come to me, and I shall answer. We are all in the hands of the Lord."

At the funeral services, at Thatcher, Arizona, President Heber J. Grant, who had accompanied the body there, paid Elder Kimball deserved honor. He said that there have been few men in charge of missions and stakes who have been so devoted to the proclamation of the gospel, in public and in private, as was President Andrew Kimball. He will have the great joy which comes from having brought many souls to a knowledge of the truth. President Kimball came to preside over the St. Joseph stake in obedience to a call from the authorities. He came in the true spirit of service, and gave the best that was in him, in an endeavor to build up this stake of Zion. Andrew Kimball was the son of a prophet of God, and had in him the spirit of prophecy. President Grant further stated that to obtain a knowledge of the gospel we must do the will of the Father. We cannot convey our knowledge to others; it must come from within. No Latter-day Saint believes that sinners will go to heaven because of death-bed repentance, but rather that men will receive reward according to the kind of life they live. President Grant also read from the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 76, concerning the gospel work for the dead, and told of the three degrees of glory. Andrew Kimball knew that Jesus was the Christ, the Savior of the World, and lived a life agreeable to that knowledge and he will enjoy the celestial glory.

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## Luck and Failure

Don't always be looking around for a snap,  
The boy who spells fail is this sort of chap,

He's weary, he's dreary,  
In life has no aim,

Eternally right, someone else is to blame.

He's easy and slow, he is lacking in pluck;  
The success of another is only "good luck,"

He stumbles and grumbles,  
Keeps one eye on the clock,

And never plays fair, always ready to "knock."

Doesn't tackle his job with a hearty good will,  
Never tries to push forward or climb up life's hill

A failure and a loser,  
"My luck," he'll complain,

But the boy who fails has himself to blame.

ELSIE E. BARRETT,

## Solving the Transportation Problem

In the latter part of 1923, an American three-mast schooner, *The Merriwinkleman*, was wrecked on the reef just out of the Pago Pago harbor, Tutuila island. There were no casualties and part of her cargo was salvaged; among other things salvaged was a fine little motor boat, which has since been purchased, at a reasonable price, by President Butler for the Samoan mission, and this boat is now being used on the island of Upolu mainly by the Sauniatu school for the purpose of transporting their taro and bananas to Apia, where these are sold. Several tons of this product is brought to Apia weekly by our village to fill government contracts, and to sell to those who are working for a daily wage in Apia. This was formerly done in row boats, necessitating the taking of a large number of school boys from their



work and sometimes from their school. By towing one of the row boats, this gas motor takes the place of that crowd of boys, and it is inexpensive when one considers the time and energy saved for necessary duties. Herewith is a picture of the boat and the Samoan boy who is in charge of it at present. In addition to the above the last boat from the states brought us a good lightweight American wagon, and two sets of harness; this with the horses which we have will furnish a means of transportation from Sauniatu to the coast, a distance of about four miles. The road, over which wagons have not been used for a number of years, is being repaired and will soon be in good condition, and we hope this will put an end to the arduous task of carrying all of their produce on their shoulders or on pack animals. This is an encouragement to our school and we feel that it is a step in advancement. Several copies of the *Era* have been placed in the hands of the governor of Western Samoa, and some of the other government officials, and they are unanimous

in pronouncing it a good wholesome magazine.—*E. L. Butler*, President, Apia, Samoa.

### Why?

The battle raged onward, destructive and wide;

The missiles, like raindrops, were falling.

We beat the foe back; like the surge of the tide

They fled! And the scene was appalling.

Victorious, still we were sad and forlorn,

To think of our brothers as booty,

The poor, wornout creatures, all bleeding and torn,

Had done not a thing but their duty.

O, why will the rulers and powers on earth,

Keep up such a terrible strife—

Destroying the right of a home and free birth,

Regardless of property, feelings and life?

*Monroe, Utah*

WESTON N. NORDGRAN

## AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

BY DR. GEO. A. WILSON, SUPERINTENDENT MALAD STAKE Y. M. M. I. A.

We are living in a day in which our ideas and actions are changing. The old individual and national feeling of isolation is changing to one of individual and national responsibility. We no longer feel that we can stand independently apart from other individuals and from other nations. Our welfare is largely tied up with their's. As they move forward, so do we; and, reversely, they can move forward only as we do. What they do affects our well-being, as also does what we do affect them. The truth of Cain's interrogation—"Am I my brother's keeper?"—is being borne home. We are responsible to our brother, as he is responsible to us; in that what we do or say affects him, or as also what he does or says affects us. We are as a chain that reaches forward into eternity, and no one link can long hold back without, sooner or later, affecting the whole chain. These facts are becoming recognized more each day by sociologists, who are now saying that all advancement is done in groups; albeit, some are leaders, while others are trailing, and yet those in the lead can at no time put more than a certain distance between themselves and those in the rear. The advancement of all takes place largely as each individual advances. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. The degree of progress is largely gauged by the weaker members.

As an illustration: I have in mind a mental picture of a winding trail leading upward. Above it a bright light, beckoning unto all. On the trail a seething, swaying mass of humanity, traveling upward. Now stopping, now advancing. Stopping as a brother falls; advancing as he is picked up and helped along. As an opening appears, the eager, the ambitious dart into it; closing, at times it crushes them down. Then, another stop, perchance longer than usual, until the fallen ones are again helped on their way. Day after day, year after year, following the winding path through eternity. Progressing as each helps his brother. Albeit, in the next life we will occupy different degrees of glory; each one receiving his just reward; yet all, with but very few exceptions, will be saved. God's glory will not be denied. The following article very fittingly and beautifully illustrates this thought further and adds, also, the thought of the unity and eternity of labor:

"What a glorious thing is human life, how glorious men's destiny; we behold around about us one vast union. No man can labor for himself, without at the same time laboring for all others. This truth becomes an inward benediction, lifting the soul mightily upward. The feeling of our dignity and power grows stronger when we say; being is not objectless and vain, we are all necessary links in the great chain which reaches forward into eternity. All the great and good and wise, whose names we read of in world history have labored for us, we have entered into their harvest, we tread in their footsteps from which blessings flow; we undertake the sublime task which they once undertook; we can make our common brotherhood wiser and happier; we can build forward where they were forced to leave off, and bring nearer to perfection the great edifice which they left incomplete; and, at length, we, too, must leave it and go hence. Oh! this is the most sublime thought of all—we can never finish the noble task of life, we can never cease to work, we can never cease to be, what man calls death cannot break off the task of life which is never ending; no period is set to our being—we are eternal."

To conclude with this would be fitting, for it seems the logical place to stop—were it not for the importance of these thoughts in our Mutual

work: In carrying these thoughts into the M. I. A.—each ward is a group, and the Church, to fulfil its ultimate purposes is dependent upon it in direct ratio to its size. Each individual in the ward is an essential part of the group, helping or hindering it: helping, as each becomes an active member and a willing channel for the expression of the gospel of Jesus Christ; hindering, as each stands either neutral or a willing tool of the adversary.

The strength of the Church in bringing about the ultimate salvation of the human race, must start with the individuals of the group; for when each member does his or her part, the group is strengthened and the Church becomes stronger thereby. A stronger Church can make its influence felt throughout the nation and, in time, throughout the whole world. This seems almost too gigantic to be accomplished; but, a little root can break a massive rock. "Mormonism" is destined to do it. By doing our part the time is hastened. With these thoughts in mind, can we as Mutual workers feel that we are doing enough? Can we slacken our efforts before our work is carried out fully?

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## Lines to a Picture

Meek, staring eyes, and even bent on me,  
Blame or reproof in them I never see;  
All through the years they guard incessantly.

Blue, open eyes, emblems of purity,  
Aught that is low in them there cannot be;  
All through the years they guard incessantly.

Long chestnut hair, in neat and sweet array,  
Save one short lock that always went astray;  
And never would the hand of care obey.

O, loving face, I had so very long,  
At matins, noons and so at even song,  
Small wonder now the tears of memory throng!

Unfurrowed face, that waned before my eyes—  
Thank God, 'tis but the outward form that dies;  
And purest love e'en deepest grave defies!

Count not my love throughout these lonely years  
Wasted on Death's and Mem'ry's falling tears,  
For sweet, undying hope outweighs my fears.

Leastway, I feel, I know that you are there—  
Sweet spirit of my precious picture fair—  
And to the Christ my cravings ever bear.

What though the weary day with work is long;  
And of the fears that ever round me throng?  
Spite of them all they flee at Evensong.

*Belleisle, Canada*

ALAN C. REIDPATH.

# THE GREAT HOPE

BY C. N. LUND

Once, in the long ago, a certain widow's son went out to sea with one of the big ships, that he might learn to be a sailor. Two or three years later, while on leave of absence, he came back to visit the old home and to see the lonely little mother. After spending a week at home he walked arm in arm with her down the flower-fringed path to the garden gate, placed a fine token of remembrance about her neck, pressed a kiss upon her lips and, stepping away, waved a last farewell. The mother's tender gaze followed him until his form faded from sight in the autumn haze. How straight and manly he walked; how proud she was of him!

A short time afterward came the news that he had gone down with the ship to the bottom of the deep sea. This news distracted his mother. But haply, over the sorrow and semi-darkness that enveloped her mind, there shone one smiling light which was ever before her—the luminous memory of her boy. In her soul stirred the sublime faith that, some day, out of all the days to come, that boy of hers would return, just as he had returned before, and again walk with her along the garden path into the warmth and sweet-smelling silence of home.

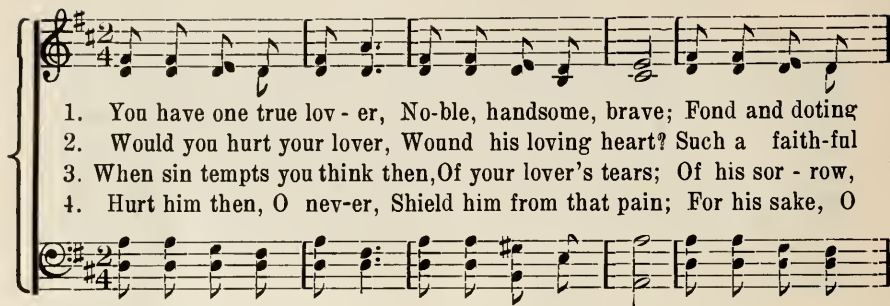
So every day she arranged the large front room, adorned and perfumed it with flowers, clothed herself in her best gown, placed the token about her neck, and went out to the rustic gate, hoping to meet her boy. There, at a certain hour each afternoon, she would stand, sometimes with outstretched hands and sometimes with folded arms, peering through tears, into the distance, dim with mists, hoping, praying, believing that sometime her boy would come to her. This hope completely obsessed her; it was her peace, her joy, her very life, and in it she dreamed away the otherwise dreary days. What man, or set of men, among all the sons of men, would be mean enough to rob such an one of her great hope?

As that poor woman stood daily by her garden gate, gazing hopefully out through the mellow sunlight toward the sea, trying to glimpse the sail of a ship that should bring her boy to her bosom, so stand we all before the future's locked gate, peering hopefully out toward the crystal sea of eternity, watching, waiting for sight of a nearing sail that shall bring to our arms, the loved and lost who drifted away on an unseen spar and left us lonely and sorrowing. Yes, we stand there, hoping, praying, believing that when our eyes shall be lifted to the vision of the world beyond, we shall find the gates ajar and behold, coming, tripping joyfully toward us, ready to fall into our outstretched arms, our dear ones, just as they left us, to leave us no more forever! What man, or set of men, among all the sons of men, would be mean enough to rob us of this sublime hope, this flaming faith, this burning belief?

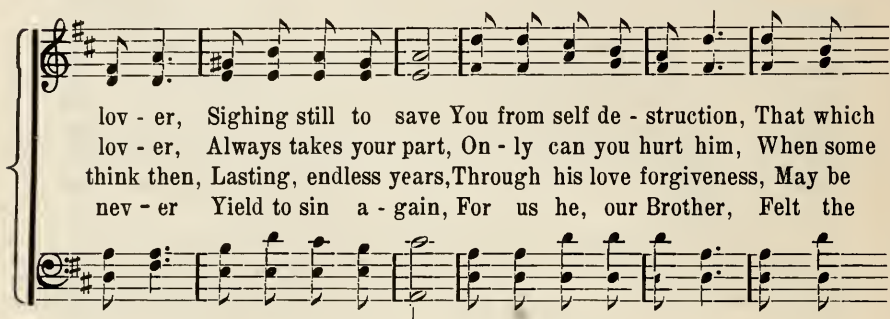
# YOUR LOVER

Words and Music by C. E. RICHARDSON,  
Thatcher, Ariz.

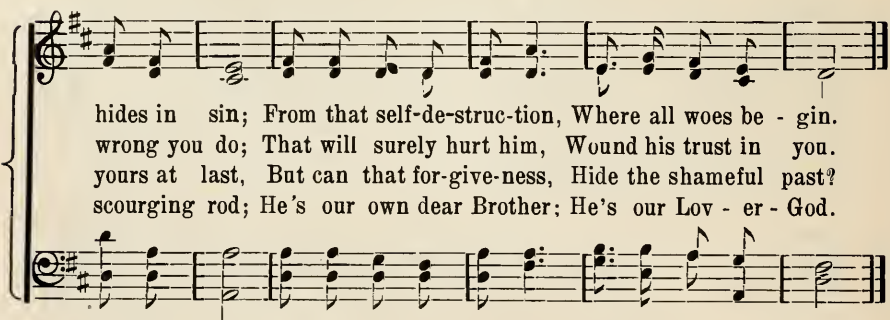
*Andante.*



1. You have one true lov - er, No-ble, handsome, brave; Fond and doting  
2. Would you hurt your lover, Wound his loving heart? Such a faith-ful  
3. When sin tempts you think then, Of your lover's tears; Of his sor - row,  
4. Hurt him then, O nev - er, Shield him from that pain; For his sake, O

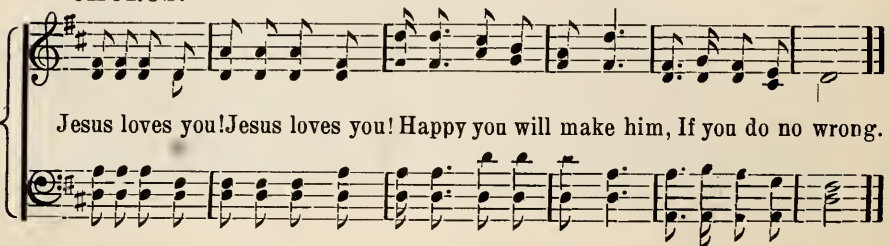


lov - er, Sighing still to save You from self de - struction, That which  
lov - er, Always takes your part, On - ly can you hurt him, When some  
think then, Lasting, endless years, Through his love forgiveness, May be  
nev - er Yield to sin a - gain, For us he, our Brother, Felt the



hides in sin; From that self-de-struc-tion, Where all woes be - gin.  
wrong you do; That will surely hurt him, Wound his trust in you.  
yours at last, But can that for-give-ness, Hide the shameful past?  
scourging rod; He's our own dear Brother; He's our Lov - er - God.

## CHORUS.



Jesus loves you! Jesus loves you! Happy you will make him, If you do no wrong.

# Editors' Table

## Church Activity—The Divinity of Christ— Power of Priesthood\*

BY PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

I rejoice again at having the opportunity of meeting with the Saints in General Conference. It is a very inspiring sight to see this large Tabernacle filled to overflowing, and people standing, at the first session.

### *The Radio*

The exercises of today and throughout the conference are to be broadcasted; and it is estimated that in the neighborhood of a million people will be able to hear all that is said, provided they are listening in during the conference sessions. The radio is one of the most marvelous inventions man knows anything about. To have the voice carried for thousands of miles seems almost beyond comprehension.

### *Let us Serve God with all Might, Mind, and Strength*

I rejoice in the remarkable and wonderful growth of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ in our day. Over a year before the Church was organized a short revelation was given through the Prophet Joseph, directed to his father. It reads as follows:

"Now behold, a marvelous work is about to come forth among the children of men.

"Therefore, O ye that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day.

"Therefore, if ye have desires to serve God ye are called to the work:

"For behold the field is white already to harvest; and lo, he that thrusteth in his sickle with his might, the same layeth up in store that he perisheth not, but bringeth salvation to his soul;

"And faith, hope, charity and love, with an eye single to the glory of God, qualify him for the work.

"Remember faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness, charity, humility, diligence.

"Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

If there is any one thing more than another that I desire to impress upon the hearts of the Latter-day Saints it is that we should in very deed serve God with all our might, mind and strength, that

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\*Opening address at the ninety-fifth semi-annual conference of the Church.

we may keep pace with the progress of His work here upon the earth. This very audience here today, the immense auditorium filled to overflowing, testifies more eloquently than any language of mine regarding the growth of the Church of Jesus Christ. When I recall the revelations that were given to the Prophet Joseph prior to the organization of the Church foretelling the growth and the accomplishments of the work of God here upon the earth, it is one of many testimonies to me regarding the divinity of this work in which you and I are engaged.

*Outstanding Events and Activities of the Church in the Past  
Six Months*

I believe the Saints will be interested in knowing something of the progress in various ways that has taken place in the Church since we last assembled here. Within a few weeks after the April conference it fell to my lot to go East and hold meetings in Denver, of the Western States mission, in Independence, Kansas City and St. Louis of the Central States mission, and later to visit Omaha in the Western States mission. I had the privilege of speaking in all of these places, also meeting with and instructing our elders. I found a wonderful spirit of loyalty on the part of the Mission presidents, of the elders, and of the lady missionaries in all of these places. I rejoiced exceedingly in visiting with them. I came in contact with a number of influential men, some of whom attended our services. Several of them afterward expressed their pleasure in having heard something regarding our faith that was new to them. The great majority of mankind pay little or no attention to the message of the Latter-day Saints, but many pay a great deal of attention to the things of a detrimental character that are published against us. Today men of intelligence, men of thought, and men who are studying, in seeing the wonderful progress of the work of God here on the earth, are beginning to realize that there must be something good in it, considering the class of people that are attracted to it.

I had the pleasure of playing a game of golf in Kansas City, and learned that the title to part of the very ground upon which we were playing originally stood in the name of the Bishop of the "Mormon" Church. I also learned that a large proportion of Kansas City stands upon ground once owned by the Latter-day Saints. The title to much of it has never passed, and the only title people today have to a portion of that great city is by possessing the grounds. In tracing the abstracts back they find that the title originally was in the name of the Bishop of the "Mormon" Church. We all remember with gratitude the wonderful courage and manhood of General Doniphan in saving the life of the Prophet Joseph. Part of our holdings in that section of the country—thousands of acres, as I remember it— was turned over to Doniphan as a fee for legal

services. The price of those lands then was very insignificant, but I was assured that the very land turned over to General Doniphan is today worth more than ten millions of dollars.

After returning from visiting the Western and the Central States missions, in June, I went East and visited the Northern States mission, the Canadian mission and the Eastern States mission. I had the privilege for the first time of visiting Montreal, in Canada, and of attending one of the sessions of the Rotary Club in Toronto. The work in all of the missions I have visited since the last conference is progressing in a splendid way.

Since our last conference, President Anthony W. Ivins and Elder Richard R. Lyman have visited the Hawaiian Islands with members of their families. The work there is progressing splendidly. Our sugar plantations there are progressing more satisfactorily at the present time than for many years past.

New chapels are being erected in many of our missions. A site for a new chapel has been purchased on one of the principal streets in Washington, D. C., and we expect to erect a place of worship there that will be a credit to the Latter-day Saints, and worthy of that city of beautiful churches, wonderful public buildings, and palatial residences. We hope to have a building there that will be as much of a credit to us at Washington as our magnificent office building is to us here—not as expensive, of course, but in every respect worthy of the Church of Christ.

Brother James E. Talmage has been chosen to preside over the European mission. Elder David O. McKay will have been in that mission two years by the time he leaves it. Previous to his being called there, he and Brother Hugh J. Cannon spent a year in traveling around the world, visiting nearly all of the missions in the world. Therefore we felt it was only fair to him to allow him to return to his mountain home without staying the usual three years that the brethren spend in England.

We have sent considerable sums of money to the Norwegian and Danish missions for final payment on meeting houses purchased years ago. We have purchased a fine large meeting house at Rotterdam. There has been erected a splendid meeting house at Honolulu; and others are now authorized in the Hawaiian Islands. We have secured a long lease of farming lands for the Tongan mission, not being able to purchase and get title there.

The baptisms in the missions during the past six months number 3,156—a very decided increase over the average in years past.

Two new stakes have been organized since our last conference, namely, the Grant stake, taken from the Granite stake, and the Minidoka stake, a part of the Blaine stake.

Twelve new wards have been organized during the past six months.

A large number of new meeting houses are being erected in Zion. I believe more building is going on at the present time in the various stakes of Zion than for many years past.

We have ordered a monument to be erected at the grave of Martin Harris, in Clarkston, Utah.

A new home is being provided for the Lamanites located near Cedar City, in order that they may be more comfortably situated.

Successful conventions of auxiliary organizations are in progress at the present time, all over the Church.

Quite a number of seminary buildings have been erected by the Saints in various parts of the Church.

There is a large and increased attendance at the Brigham Young University and our other Church schools.

A very remarkable increase is noted in the attendance at all of our temples. The Manti temple has been overhauled, and extensive repairs made there, making it very much more comfortable and convenient than in the past. The repairs being made at the Salt Lake temple are now all completed. Rapid progress is being made in the erection of the Arizona temple.

We have decided to erect on this block a monument in honor of the Three Witnesses (perhaps we will include the Eight Witnesses), to be located in the rear of the statues of Presidents Joseph and Hyrum Smith. The design has not yet been decided upon; but we will endeavor to have something that will be as attractive and as creditable, and that will preach the wonderful message proclaimed in the Book of Mormon as effectively as the Sea Gull Monument preaches the wonderful deliverance wrought by the Lord in the days when the crickets threatened to destroy everything. Undoubtedly some of the inspirational passages of the Book of Mormon, also the fact that these three witnesses declare that an angel of God came down from heaven and laid before their eyes, that they beheld and saw the plates of the Book of Mormon, and the engravings thereon, and that the voice of the Lord commanded them that they should bear record of it, with other incidents that proclaim the divinity of the Book of Mormon, will be features of the monument.

We are pleased to note that there is an improvement in the support of our foreign newspapers. There are many faithful, diligent Latter-day Saints who, having embraced the Gospel in foreign lands at an advanced age, cannot read the English language, and it is a great comfort and blessing to them to have some of the sermons, messages, and news, regarding the work of God published in their own language. We bespeak for these papers the loyal patronage of those of foreign birth. Young men who have prospered here in the things of this world should be willing to assist in circulating at home and abroad the word of God through the papers published in the mother tongue of their parents.

We have been called upon during the past six months to part with one of our loyal stake presidents,—President Andrew Kimball. It fell to my lot to have the privilege of going to Thatcher, Arizona, and attending the funeral, at which there was a wonderful outpouring of people, showing their respect and love for their president. It was a source of satisfaction to me to have the opportunity of paying a tribute of love and respect to him at the services.

We have to announce the death of Sister Elizabeth C. McCune,

who, in connection with her husband, presented to the Church some years ago the magnificent McCune mansion on upper Main street, the name of which has been changed since the death of Sister McCune to the McCune School of Music and Art. We hope at no far distant date to have a portion of that building devoted to the fine arts in the form of beautiful paintings and sculpture. There are two magnificent pieces of sculpture there now, probably the finest in our state, which were presented with the mansion at the time it was given to us.

I believe this covers the activities of the past six months that I thought would be of interest to the people. Of course, you will realize that if I were to enter into detail regarding these activities I could occupy not only the entire time of this morning's session with interest to the Saints, but even longer.

On my way home after attending the funeral of Brother Kimball, in Arizona, I stopped for a few days in California, and the work in the California mission is progressing in a very favorable way.

### *The Divinity of Jesus Christ*

There is one thing that I desire to refer to, and a part of one of the revelations that I desire to read. There are no revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants that have made such a profound impression upon my heart and my mind as the one known as The Vision, recorded in the 76th Section, and the one known as Prayer and Prophecies, given in Liberty Jail, and to be found in the 121st Section. I rejoice every time I read the wonderful testimony of the Prophet Joseph and Sidney Rigdon as contained in the Vision. When bishops over large churches in England announce that Jesus Christ was not the Son of God; that he was not divine, but merely a great moral teacher; when men who are ministers deny the divinity of Christ and are being tried for their lack of faith, I rejoice in reading the testimony of these two men, and never read it but my heart swells with gratitude to God:

"And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives!

"For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—

"That by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God."

I rejoice that the Church of Jesus Christ is founded upon the first great vision that was enjoyed by the boy Joseph Smith over one hundred years ago. He declared that he saw two heavenly beings, whose glory and grandeur were beyond the power of man to describe, and that one of them addressed him and pointed to the other and said: "This is my beloved Son, hear him." There cannot be any

doubt in the heart of a Latter-day Saint regarding Jesus Christ being the Son of the Living God, because God himself introduced Him to Joseph Smith. It is a fundamental truth of the Church of Jesus Christ in our day that Joseph Smith was and is and ever will be a prophet of the living God; and with Joseph Smith recognized as a prophet of God, and the testimony in our hearts of that fact, there will never be any schism, so to speak, in the Church of Christ. Any individual who does not acknowledge Jesus Christ as the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world, has no business to be associated with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This Church is, as I read to you it should be, a marvelous work and a wonder. There is nothing like it in all the world, because Jesus Christ, the Son of God, established it, and is the head of it; because Jesus Christ manifested himself to the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery, and to others; and because God, in answer to prayer, has given to people all over the wide world where the Gospel has gone, an individual knowledge and testimony regarding the divinity of the work in which we are engaged.

### *A Profoundly Impressive Comparison*

Never have I been more profoundly impressed with the power and blessing of God than I was when I visited Nauvoo, upon my recent trip East. Three quarters of a century ago there were twenty thousand prosperous Latter-day Saints in that city, with a magnificent temple. Today there is not a single stone left of the temple where it was once erected, and the population has dwindled to about one thousand people. Men have told me that the site of the City of Nauvoo is one of the finest, if not the finest, to be found upon the great Mississippi river, yet to get there now you have to cross the Mississippi river in a little tub of a steamer, on the deck of which there are but five chairs, and as there happened to be six in our party one of us had to stand; and there are cities with thousands of inhabitants on the Mississippi and on the Missouri that have grown up since that was the great city of Illinois. When I contemplate all these things and then come home and gaze upon the Temple of God in the eastern part of this block; when I look at our office building, at the Utah Hotel, and at the magnificent bank buildings in our city; when I think of the prosperity of the Saints, with beautiful temples, not only in Utah, but in Canada, in the Hawaiian Islands, as well as one in course of construction in Arizona; when I think of all the accomplishments of the work of God, my language utterly fails me to speak in just praise of all that has been done. When I realize the condition of the place from which we were driven, the lack of prosperity and of success in that country, I thank God that we are located here in these mountains. I feel that the very persecutions and troubles through which we passed prepared us and educated us and

strengthened us as a people for greater things. Perhaps the very finest residence, with one exception, to be found in Nauvoo is the one erected by Erastus Snow. They told me that it was erected by Lorenzo Snow, but I have since been informed that the people there were mistaken, and that it was erected by Erastus Snow. One of the fine dwellings there was built with stones taken from the Temple block.

I rejoice in the testimony of my dear mother, also in the testimony of Aunt Emmeline B. Wells and scores of men and women who were present upon that memorable occasion, after the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph, when Sidney Rigdon endeavored to be appointed as guardian of the Church. I rejoice in the wonderful manifestation that was given to the people there, including my mother and other relatives of mine, when the mantle of Joseph Smith fell upon the Prophet Brigham Young, and he, Brigham, stood there and talked as with the voice of Joseph, his face being illumined and in appearance like unto the face of Joseph. The sheep knew the voice of the true shepherd. And from that day to this, of the hundreds who were present on that occasion, nearly every one has lived and died faithful and true to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, loyal supporters of the Prophet Brigham Young and his successors.

#### *How to Exercise the Power of the Priesthood*

I desire to read part of the wonderful revelation given to the Prophet Joseph in Liberty Jail. Remember, though he was chained in that prison, the Lord Almighty could and did speak to him, and gave to him a revelation that I commend here today to every Latter-day Saint. I particularly commend it to every man presiding in the stakes and wards of Zion, and in the various missions throughout the world. If we exercise the power of the Priesthood of the living God as He tells us in this wonderful revelation to exercise it, then there never can be and there never will be any just complaint made against the Church of Jesus Christ, because of the use of the Priesthood that has been restored again to the earth. It is when men do not follow the teachings and the revelations given of God to us through his prophet, that mistakes are made. This revelation declares that by incarcerating the Prophet Joseph men could not rob him of the inspiration of the Living God, which revealed to him these wonderful words in that prison. Starting with verse 33, I read:

"How long can rolling waters remain impure? What power shall stay the heavens? As well might man stretch forth his puny arm to stop the Missouri river in its decreed course, or to turn it up stream, as to hinder the Almighty from pournig down knowledge from heaven upon the heads of the Latter-day Saints.

"Behold, there are many called, but few are chosen. And why are they not chosen?

"Because their hearts are set so much upon the things of this world,

and aspire to the honors of men, that they do not learn this one lesson—

“That the rights of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles or righteousness.

“That they may be conferred upon us, it is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, or to gratify our pride, or vain ambition, or to exercise control or dominion or compulsion upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold, the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, Amen to the priesthood or the authority of that man.

“Behold, ere he is aware, he is left unto himself, to kick against the pricks, to persecute the saints, and to fight against God.

“We have learned by sad experience that it is the nature and disposition of almost all men, as soon as they get a little authority, as they suppose, they will immediately begin to exercise unrighteous dominion.

“Hence many are called, but few are chosen.

“No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned;

“By kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile—

“Reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost; and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy;

“That he may know that thy faithfulness is stronger than the cords of death.

“Let thy bowels also be full of charity towards all men, and to the household of faith, and let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly; then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God; and the doctrine of the priesthood shall distil upon thy soul as the dews from heaven.

“The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion, and thy scepter an unchanging scepter of righteousness and truth; and thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, and without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee forever and ever.”

I feel that I cannot close my remarks with anything better than this wonderful revelation given to the Prophet of the living God.

### *God's Blessings Invoked Upon the Church and Nation*

I pray God's blessings to be upon the Latter-day Saints all over the wide world. I pray for those who stand as the General Authorities of the Church. I pray for those who preside in the stakes and the wards and the branches, and in all parts of the Church, from Canada on the North to Mexico on the South, and for all those who preside and labor in the various missions all over the wide world. I pray for the people of the world; not only for the Latter-day Saints, but I pray God's blessings upon every loyal, patriotic man and woman that is endeavoring to do right, and to uphold the laws of the countries where they reside. I pray God's blessings upon the President of these United States of America. I thank God for the loyalty and the patriotism of the Latter-day Saints. I thank God that we believe that the constitution of our country was given to us under the inspiration of the Living God, and that the Lord supported

George Washington and the patriotic fathers of this country. I pray that God will inspire us to continue loyal and true to him, to our country, and to its institutions; and that we may in very deed preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ by our acts; that, as we grow in years and increase in understanding, we may grow in the power and ability to live the Gospel, that our example of integrity, of honesty, of loyalty to God and country may inspire others to investigate the message of life and salvation.

### *Closing Testimony*

Before sitting down, I bear my testimony to you and to all the world that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, the Redeemer of the world, the Savior of mankind, the Creator of heaven and earth; that Joseph Smith was His prophet, the instrument in His hands of establishing again the Gospel of life and salvation. That we who have that knowledge may live the Gospel is my prayer, and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer and Savior, Amen.

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## "The Song of the Great Migration"

John G. Neihardt, called the "epic poet of the pioneer west," was born in Sharpsburg, Illinois, in 1881, having since lived in different parts of the west; was a graduate of the Nebraska Normal College; a country school teacher, who lived a part of the time among the Omaha Indians; made a 2,000 mile trip down the Missouri river in an open boat; and who now lives in the Ozark mountains at the edge of the little village of Branson, in Missouri, with his wife and children. In 1923, Neihardt began a work on "An Epic Cycle of the West," to consist of five poems, and to cover the entire period of western development from the year, 1822, to the end of the Indian wars on the plains.

"The Song of Three Friends," and "The Song of Hugh Glass," are the first two poems already written. The third will be "The Song of Jed Smith," and will deal with the wanderings of that band of men, who, from 1825 to 1832, discovered and explored the central route from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean. The fourth poem of the cycle will be, "The Song of the Great Migration," and this will deal with the "Mormon" story. "Neihardt," we are told by Jim Tully in the October *International Book Review*, "chose this episode, not because he was particularly interested in the 'Mormons,' but because theirs was a group adventure, and therefore more suitable to his purpose. Also, the fact that they were driven by the greatest impulses men know—religion and home-hunger—means much for his purpose. Theirs is a wonderful story."

Then, we are told, the fifth and last poem of the cycle will be,

"The Song of the Indian Wars," telling the story of the last great fight for the bison pastures of the plains with the great tribes, Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapaho, principally. Neihardt was given the degree Litt.D. by the University of Nebraska in 1917, and was made Poet Laureate of Nebraska by joint resolution of the legislature in 1921.—A.

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## Books

*Scientific Research and Human Welfare*, is the title of a book written by President Franklin Stewart Harris, with Newbern I. Butt, research assistant, which was published by the MacMillan Company, publishers, of New York, in September. The book is printed in large type on excellent paper and is bound attractively. In this, his latest volume, President Harris has followed the discoveries made by men in nine important fields, and has shown how those discoveries have contributed to human welfare. As an instance of the substance matter of the book, the authors in their chapter entitled, "Lengthening Human Life," show how various diseases have been controlled. They tell the story of X-rays and many other inventions and discoveries that have contributed to man's health and happiness. Besides being a very readable book, full of choice information, that has required years of research to gather, it is a very helpful encyclopaedia and chronology of discoveries and inventions. The carefully prepared index and the tabulated chronological history of inventions and discoveries make the volume a very handy one for public speakers and those who wish illustrations along almost any line.—H. R. Merrill.

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## To Mt. Timpanogos

Old Timp—I knew you;  
First I caught the glint  
Of parallel, high snow lines 'gainst the sky.  
I saw you when we left the Goshen hills;  
I knew you, Timp, direct you caught my eye.

For I was lost in those uncharted lands;  
Strange lakes, strange hills,  
Strange farms and roads awry;  
I couldn't feel direction's sense at all;  
The East looked South no matter how I'd try.

But when I saw your horizontal lines  
I oriented then, and North was North;  
I felt the thrill of being right again.  
God grant—Old Timp—  
You'll always keep me straight.

"The Ripple"

CLAUDE C. CORNWALL.

# Priesthood Quorums

## Lessons for the Melchizedek Priesthood Classes

Subject: DOCTRINES OF THE CHURCH

Text-book: *A Study of the Articles of Faith*

### INTRODUCTORY NOTES

To master the lessons of this course it is essential that every class-member shall have access to a copy of the text book. The work known as *A Study of the Articles of Faith*, written by Elder James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve, and published by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, appeared during 1924 in revised and enlarged form, and in two editions, the Twelfth and Thirteenth. These are printed from identical plates but differ in quality of paper, width of margins, and style of binding. The Twelfth edition is obtainable at one dollar per copy in excellent cloth binding and at a higher price in leather; the Thirteenth, commonly called the Missionary Edition, is sold at fifty cents per copy, cloth-bound.

With the book obtainable at so low a price, it is reasonable to expect that none of the members shall be hindered in this important and enjoyable course of study through lack of a copy. Books should be ordered from the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In the *Assignment of Lessons* the new issues named above are referred to exclusively. Chapters in the new editions are numbered in agreement with the Lectures in editions earlier than the Twelfth. It is therefore possible to use copies of the old issues in this course; the paging, however, is different.

Specification of pages or chapters of the text book has been deemed sufficient. Numerous scriptural citations appear in the foot notes, and classified sets of *References* follow the chapters. It is suggested that two or more scriptural passages relating to each of the main topics be memorized by every student.

Teachers in these Priesthood Classes are urged to qualify themselves by following the Teacher-Training courses provided for us in every ward. The latest issue, entitled "Problems in Gospel Teaching—Teachers Training Lesson Book," should be carefully studied by all who are called to the work. Facilities are provided for the development of efficiency of teachers in all Church activities; and be it remembered that among these activities the work of the Priesthood organizations holds first place.

The teacher should be a true leader of the class, and he should strive to stimulate and maintain live and interested participation by every member. However large the class, if but a few take active part it can not be a success.

Home preparation is indispensable to good class work; and in this the teacher must be an efficient example to all the members.

Care must be exercised in class to devote the time to the principal topics of the lesson; and while full liberty should be given in the discussion, anything in the nature of mere debate is to be avoided. If upon any point a strong difference of opinion or understanding develops, the teacher should kindly but firmly direct that the matter be taken under consideration until a later session, the subject to be carefully studied during the interval. Contention over points of doctrine is harmful. Consider the words of the

Lord Jesus Christ as touching this matter, recorded in 3 Nephi 11:29, 30.

In the following *Assignment of Lessons* brief suggestions and comments are made in the first part of the course; but in the latter part the lessons are specified with but minor comment or none at all. The text book presents each subject in topical form; and, with the experience gained in the earlier lessons, both teachers and members should be able to follow the text without supplementary instruction.

Let every one concerned become thoroughly familiar with the Scriptures relating to each topic. Make every class session a memorable occasion, marked by definite increase of knowledge. Do all you can to master the subject by careful and prayerful study, and the Lord will be your helper.

THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE, COMMITTEE.

## Assignment of Lessons

The Assignment of Lessons, covering the study of the quorums for 1925, will appear monthly in the *Improvement Era*, beginning in the December, 1924, issue.

## Studies for the Aaronic Priesthood

The December *Era* will cover instructions for the study for 1925. The titles of the texts are:

Deacons—"Duty Stories from the Old Testament."

Teachers—"The Bible and its Messages."

Priests—"Missionary Themes."

Watch succeeding numbers of the *Era* for helpful items touching teacher and student.

## An Automobile Caravan

This picture shows an automobile caravan in front of the stake house at Driggs, Teton stake, Idaho. These automobiles, loaded to capacity, reached Salt Lake City in time for conference and left again for the home town on



Tuesday, October 7. It proved to be an interesting and attractive mode of travel to those who were privileged to come. The Teton stake delegates who came in these conveyances are all active Church workers.

# Mutual Work

## Important to Recreation Workers

The following instructions from Supt. George Albert Smith, and Prest. Martha H. Tingey, have been sent to members of stake and ward M. I. A. Committees on Recreation:

Although relatively new, the recreational movement has already made itself felt. This is due to the earnestness in which our workers have taken on the new responsibility, and the readiness with which they have grasped its meaning. They have made unusual efforts to qualify themselves for the work. During the past year many of them have availed themselves of the opportunity for training in the brief recreational leadership conventions which have been held in a number of stakes under the direction of the General Boards. During the summer season, a large number, also, have pursued courses of study along lines of recreation in the Church and state summer schools. The General Boards express sincere appreciation for the sacrifice and efforts that the recreational workers have put forth.

This new movement, however, contains many important details in matters of organization and responsibility which are not quickly grasped, but which are immensely important if our objectives are to be realized. All these details are presented in M. I. A. recreational literature. Pages 156-164 of the *Y. M. M. I. A. Handbook* and pages 71-77 of *Y. L. M. I. A. Handbook*, contain a statement of assignments, outline of organization, objectives, duties of the committees, as well as methods of financing recreation, the budget system, and the partial budget system. (*Y. M. M. I. A. Handbook*, p. 160-162; *Y. L. M. I. A. Handbook*, p. 75-77). Committees should read carefully these two plans and in the "meeting of executive officers" agree upon the plan most suitable to the needs and circumstances of the community.

We desire especially, to call your attention to *Bulletin Number 3*. (15c), and *Bulletin Number 4*. (5c), which may be obtained by sending to the General Offices, either of the Y. M. or the Y. L. M. I. A. *Bulletin Number 3* contains descriptions of a number of activities which are suitable for our communities, and also suggestions as to how these activities should be carried out. *Bulletin Number 4* is an important statement of the characteristics of the various age groups, and suggestions of materials suitable to them. We sincerely trust that you will secure this material which has been prepared especially to assist you in your work.

In our efforts to provide entertainment for the young people, care should be taken to select activities which tend to promote Church objectives. No one should be permitted to direct the recreational activities of our youth who is not familiar with these objectives. In order to keep the activities on a high plane of culture and refinement our leaders must be on the alert. There is nothing we do that leads so quickly to coarseness, vice and immorality as the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake. Remember our mission is not necessarily to create more pleasures, but to educate youth to a higher and larger enjoyment of life, not momentary pleasure.

## To All Y. M. M. I. A. Leaders

*Dear Brethren:*—There has arisen some discussion and a number of misunderstandings in relation to the Boy Scout Program in our organization. In explanation we wish to make the following statement:

*Scouting in the Y. M. M. I. A.*

1. In cooperation with the bishop of the ward, the district commissioner and troop committee; the ward president of the Y. M. M. I. A. should see that a spiritual-minded man of good character, having a testimony of the Gospel, in love with boys, and whom boys love; is selected to be the ward scoutmaster.

2. A careful study of the Junior manual, of the Y. M. M. I. A., as well as the Scout program, should be made by the scoutmaster, and it should be definitely understood that at each weekly meeting of the troop, the manual lesson be given as a part of the order of business of the troop meeting. The exact place on the program to be left to the discretion of the scoutmaster; not less than 20 minutes to be devoted to this manual study. We recommend further that where Scouting is organized, the scoutmaster be the head of the Junior department and attend the ward officers' meetings.

3. Young men in the Junior department who are not in scouting, or M Men work, should have a special program of activities prepared for them by the local leaders supplementing the Manual work. An earnest effort, however, should be made to have all of our young men join either Scouting or M Men work.

4. All M. I. A. workers in Scouting and any other department of our work should always keep in mind the great fundamental purpose of our organization, that is, that all that we do is toward the great end of building true Latter-day Saints.

Respectfully,

General Board Y. M. M. I. A., GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,  
General Superintendent.

## Advanced Senior Class Teachers

The general committee desires that the Advanced Senior Classes shall send to the committee the most important or perplexing questions on Pioneer life in Utah that may have arisen from the first three lessons in October. Send the questions to the committee, care of *Improvement Era*, or *Young Woman's Journal*.

## Winners in Every Case

W. E. Colman, Smithfield, Utah, reports the M Men's basket ball team of the First ward Benson stake as winning the stake pennant. They did not lose a game during the whole season. "Every man was on his honor to refrain from swearing and the use of vulgar language during the games and it sure worked wonderfully. The following are the names of the boys: Coach, Claud Quinney, Leo Nelson, Frank Done, Vernon Kimball, Melvin Hillyard, Floyd Williamson, Carol Cash and Don Corbitt."

## The Y. M. M. I. A. Officers' Meeting

On Sunday, October 5, at 8 o'clock a. m., the fourth floor of the Bishops' Building was filled to capacity with leading representatives of the various stakes, including stake presidents, and bishops, superintendents, presidents and workers in the Y. M. M. I. A. A very interesting program as well as attractive and edifying, was presented. A large number of Hand Books, manuals, recreation bulletins and other literature was distributed, and the new efficiency report and its use in the stake was considered by Claude C. Cornwall. These ten items that have been set out as measuring units in our Y. M. M. I. A. work were carefully explained. It is desired that the

ward monthly efficiency report, as well as the stake comparative efficiency report should be 100% perfect each month, and that the compiled report should reach the office on or before the 10th of each month for the previous month, and each ward should also receive a comparative report of the wards of the stake each month.

Special items of the Y. M. M. I. A. work were presented by Assistant Superintendent Melvin J. Ballard. The manuals are: Junior department: For Junior classes, *Stories of the Plains*; for Advanced Junior classes, *Some Essentials of Character*; for Senior classes, *The Young Man and the Economic World*. Officers are urged to order manuals and have them ready for distribution at the opening of the class work so that the most important part of Y. M. M. I. A. work—the manual study, may not be hindered. The Advanced Senior course is *Prophecy and History*, and appears in the *Era* and *Journal* each month. Elder Ballard pointed out the place of Scouting and the M Men's work in the Y. M. M. I. A., and a special bulletin on this subject was distributed. He urged subscribing for the *Improvement Era*, and explained its being placed on a cash basis and urged that the heads of families be all visited and asked to subscribe in October. The general fund this year is based on 35c on 10% of the Church population of each ward. The collections of this fund should be finished in November.

He urged that the matter in Bulletins No. 1 and 2, which is contained in the Y. M. M. I. A. *Handbook*, be studied, and also that Bulletin No. 3 (15c) and Bulletin No. 4 (5c, 50c per dozen) be considered by recreation committees. The officers were urged to work to a year-round program in recreation and cooperate with the bishop in holding monthly meetings of the executive officers of the various auxiliary organizations.

Executive Director Oscar A. Kirkham urged that the officers make a study of the *Handbook* and systematically follow up the local organization and plans. He spoke of the 50,000 membership desired in the Y. M. M. I. A. by June, 1925, which means a little over 15% increase in the present enrollment, the object being to get every young man between twelve and twenty enrolled in the organization, and as many over that age as possible. He made an appeal for this number and called attention to the celebration that is being planned for the 50th anniversary of the organization of the Y. M. M. I. A. in June, 1925, and urged that all officers help in this accomplishment. Our aim should be: "Every young man of Mutual age in the Y. M. M. I. A. Plan now to celebrate with us our 50th anniversary."

Superintendent George Albert Smith spoke on spiritualizing our M. I. A. program, and urged that leaders should be filled with the spirit of the gospel and be enthusiastic in living their religion. In the preparation and presentation of our work we should employ careful and prayerful study and correlate all our activities in the spirit of the gospel.

George Budd, in behalf of the boys and girls' band of Granite, Grant, and other stakes, offered the services of 300 boys and girls for the celebration of the 50th anniversary.

## Ensign Stake Annual Road Show

The Ensign stake "Road Show" has become an annual event. Each ward M. I. A. prepares a ten-minute act and these sketches, together with other numbers supplied by the stake boards are transported round the circuit so that the whole show is given in all of the wards on the same evening. Practically every sketch in this year's program, given Oct. 14, was an original creation by members of the local mutuals. A variety of entertainment was the result. Every act was outstanding. *Benefits Forgot*, a dramatization of

an incident in the Reading Course showing Lincoln and mother love, was an impressive presentation of the new M. I. A. Slogan. "A Study in Contrast," an original one-act light opera, brought many laughs and surprises. "The Better Law" portrayed the M. I. A. solving problems of the girls of today. "Memories," "A Day in '47," "Moment of Opera," and "The War is Over," were all clever sketches. It was a difficult matter to decide which ward deserved the trophy cup. "Feast of the Virgins," "Jazz and Joy," "Duster Maid and Bell Hop," and "Moving Pictures *a la mode*," were titles of acts prepared by the stake boards. It was a delightful evening's entertainment, in each of the seven ward halls, which were crowded to capacity.

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## One of Nature's Curiosities

On the south-east end of the Zuni Mountain, about thirty miles east of Ramah, in McKinley county, New Mexico, a bed of volcanic scoria has spread over the country for about twenty miles in length. The road leads along the north edge, and about midway of this, signs of "Ice Cave" show the traveler where to turn off three or four hundred yards, to a real wonder that should be preserved.

A pothole, perhaps forty yards long and half as wide, drops forty feet into the black mass. A ladder at the south end helps the traveler down. Across the rocky bottom to the north end, on the south side of a huge black boulder, a blistering sun beats down, while ten feet around on the other side, one has moved into a refrigerator within fifteen feet of a block of real ice, ten feet high and about twenty feet long, that almost blocks up the mouth of a cave, of which I think few have gone to the end, and none can tell the cause of the wonder.

As we entered it, a sight-seer had just chopped off a large bucketful of ice for camp use, leaving as much more scattered around. He had not noticed that a few rods back, by the side of the marked trail, was a smaller hole where as good water as one ever drank, and so cold it will make the teeth ache, may be gotten with little trouble.

The Bond boys, who have a little store at Ramah, McKinley county, New Mexico, will direct the tourist or guide them to a still larger cave where it is said, with a little work, a car might be driven far into the dark depths, and where in a few minutes, hair and clothes are covered white with frost.

The road from Ramah also passes the foot of "Inscription Rock" where, as early as 1868, officers on their way to quell Indian troubles, made note on that massive wall, of their passing and business. These wonders are being preserved by the Government, and the ice caves should also be cared for.—S. C. RICHARDSON.

*Thatcher, Arizona*

# Passing Events

*The Pan-American congress* opened Oct. 1, at Atlanta, Ga. Representatives of twenty-one Latin-American republics and many states of the Union were represented. The first day's proceedings closed with a banquet, and several brilliant speeches, expressing amity and friendship.

*Emperor of Russia* is the title which Grand Duke Cyril, cousin of the late czar, has assumed, in a proclamation published in a Russian newspaper at Belgrade, Sept. 21. Grand Duke Cyril's son Vladimir, seven years of age, is to be the heir to the throne. The grand duke was born in 1876.

*A mine disaster* occurred Sept. 16, in Sublet mine No. 5, near Kemmerer, Wyo., when an explosion entombed forty-seven men. Twelve were taken out alive. Another group of twelve met death instantly. The entire number of dead is placed at 30. Fire broke out immediately after the explosion.

*The arbitration protocol* was unanimously accepted by the Assembly of the League of Nations, at Geneva, Oct. 2, as formulated by the arbitration commission. It now goes to the various governments for ratification. If ratified before May 1, next year, a disarmament conference of the world will be held the following June 15.

*The McMillan Arctic expedition* arrived home Sept. 19, and dropped anchor at Mohegan Island, near the Wiscasset harbor, Me., after an absence of 15 months. The expedition is said to have been very successful. Many facts concerning magnetism, electricity, etc., were observed. McMillan reported that the Eskimos beyond the Arctic circle are rapidly adopting civilization and the white man's ways.

*Brigadier General, Dr. Charles Elmer Sawyer* died suddenly of heart disease at his home, White Oak Farm, near Marion, Ohio, Sept. 23. He was the personal physician of the late President Harding. Early in the afternoon he complained of not feeling quite well. His son, Dr. Carl W. Sawyer, gave him some medicine, whereupon he went to sleep. He passed away while sleeping.

*Great Britain and France agreed on sanctions*, Sept. 15, which will form a basis for an international agreement to outlaw war, to be submitted to the Assembly of the League of Nations, at its session at Geneva. The agreement is in the nature of a pact of general and mutual assistance and makes clear that each member of the League will contribute the force at its disposal, either economic or military, for the general maintenance of peace.

*John Alfred Reeves*, a well-known traffic official, for many years employed by the Union Pacific, died at his home, Salt Lake City, Sept. 30. He was a native of England. He was born August 12, 1870, at Davenport, Devonshire, but came to America when a small boy. In 1885, when he was still a boy, Mr. Reeves entered the freight department of the Union Pacific as a messenger boy at Omaha. The following year he was transferred to Salt Lake.

*Dissolution of parliament* was agreed upon on Oct. 9, and new elections will be held Oct. 29. The decision was taken when a motion of censure of the government was adopted, for failure to prosecute James Ross Campbell, acting editor of the *Workers' Weekly*, for sedition, the publication being a Communist organ. Mr. McDonald, the prime minister, considered it ad-

visible to hasten the elections to the utmost, confident of the support of the majority of the voters.

*Germany will enter the League of Nations*, if the decision of the cabinet, Sept. 23, is ratified by the Reichstag committee and the ministers of the various states. The cabinet affixed four conditions: (1) The preservation of German honor; (2) Acknowledgement of her position as a world power; (3) Guarantees of her freedom; and (4) Consideration for her justified claims. The sentiment in Great Britain, however, is that Germany must enter without any conditions, or not at all.

*A Monument in honor of the Utah Pioneers of 1847* was dedicated Sept. 28, about 12 miles from Evanston, Wyo., on a hill overlooking the Bear River Valley, members of Randolph, Woodruff, Almy, Evanston and Hilliard wards, of the Woodruff stake took part in the impressive services. The monument stands on a foundation of sandstone, four feet 8 inches square. It is made of cobble stones, 4 feet square at the base and tapers to 3 feet square. The capstone is a bee-hive, and the total height is 8 feet 6 inches. The inscription on the plate is:

"Erected by the members of the Woodruff stake of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in honor of the Pioneers who passed this spot July 12, 1847, under the leadership of Brigham Young. Dedicated Sept. 28, 1924. This plate was donated by the R. Hardesty company of Denver, Colo." This monument is the first erected on the pioneer trail. Another will be erected in the near future by the members of the eastern part of the stake at a point where the trail crosses the Lincoln highway.

*Five men were entombed in the Rains mine*, of the Carbon Fuel company, Spring canyon, Sept. 21, as the result of an explosion. They were machine men, who had entered the mine to block out work for the following day. They were working 4000 feet from the main entry when the explosion occurred. Rescue crews started work immediately, and by the 24th the bodies had been recovered. Indications pointed to the fact that the force of the explosion had rendered the five men practically helpless for a time, and that the death-dealing fumes had poured in upon them before they could adopt any measures to save themselves.

*The enrollment of college students at the Brigham Young University*, the parent church school, has broken all precedents. This enrollment at this time of year shows a 25% increase over any previous year in the history of the institution according to E. H. Holt, secretary of the institution. The buildings are so taxed to take care of this large influx of college men and women that the officials of the institution are looking forward with anxiety to the completion of the new library building. That building, which will contain a number of spacious class rooms as well as library room, will be ready for the 1925-26 school year.

*The Rev. Dr. Fosdick resigned*, Oct. 6, his position in a Presbyterian church in New York. Although a Baptist in his views on some topics, he has been preaching in a Presbyterian chapel for five years. Lately his modernist views have caused a great deal of controversy. The presbytery of Philadelphia led the attack against him, but the members of the New York congregation again and again sustained him, although he openly denied the divinity of our Lord. Finally, the demand was made of him that he either subscribe to the Presbyterian creed or quit preaching in a Presbyterian church. The resignation followed this demand.

*The Shenandoah arrived at San Diego*, Oct. 10, having completed its trans-continental journey. The huge airship left Lakehurst, N. J., Oct. 7. Steady headwinds were encountered in the Rockies, and a driving snow storm impeded the progress as the ship traveled through San Jacinto Pass

and drove northwest to reach the coast via Riverside and Santa Ana. The last 1500 miles, after the departure from Fort Worth, was one of strenuous duty for all on board, but the journey was completed without mishap. The trip was completed in about 75 hours actual flying time. The necessity for making repairs and a storm delayed the departure from San Diego for some days.

*Bishop James Arthur Wright*, for eleven years bishop of Bingham ward, Jordan stake, died October 6, 1924, of typhoid-pneumonia. He was born in American Fork, October 12, 1875, and filled a mission to Virginia, 1897 to 1900. For 18 years he made his home in Bingham. At the time of his death, he was a member of the Town Board. Out of respect of him, all business houses closed for an hour, on the day of the funeral, October 9. Services were held the next day in the Alpine Stake Tabernacle. The sympathy of the community goes out to his wife and son, as within a year and nine months, three of the family have died, two sons of the bishop having preceded him, one having passed away a year ago, last Christmas Eve, and the other, last November.—*David C. Lyon.*

*The globe-encircling flight of the American aviators ended Sept. 28,* at Sand Point Field, Seattle, Wash. The fliers left Santa Monica, Cal., March 17, but on account of delays in installing the pontoons, the official start was made from Seattle on Sunday, April 6, this year, and thus another epoch-making event is dated on that day in addition to many others. The personnel of the flight included Major Martin, commander, and his mechanic, Staff Sergeant Alva L. Harvey, who were missing for ten days after their flagplane Seattle was wrecked April 30 on a mountain near Port Moller, Alaska peninsula, on the Bering seacoast, and who were forced to quit the expedition; Lieutenant Lowell H. Smith, commander after Major Martin's accident, pilot of the flagplane Chicago; Lieutenant Erik H. Nelson, pilot of the New Orleans; Lieutenant Wade, pilot of the ill-fated Boston, and mechanics, Lieutenants Leslie P. Arnold, John Harding, Jr., and Henry P. Ogden.

*The Zeppelin ZR-3 left Friedrichshafen, Oct. 12, at 6:35 a. m. on her* transatlantic voyage to the United States. This dirigible is the largest and best equipped airship ever built. It goes across the Atlantic to pay part of the U. S. war expenses. The start was made in a mist, and in the presence of thousands of spectators, who were as gloomy as the weather, while a little band tried to cheer them up by playing, "*Deutschland ueber Alles.*" There were four American officers on board the ship. The air captain, George W. Steel of the U. S. navy is to command the immense craft. The present German commander is Dr. Hugo Eckener. The ZR-3, the giant Zeppelin, reached Lakehurst, New Jersey, from Friedrichshafen, Germany, on the 15th of October, at 9:17 o'clock a. m., after a flight of about 80 hours across the ocean—a performance which is an epochal achievement, it being a non-stop journey from the factory in Germany to the United States. Dr. Hugo Eckener was in charge and delivered the ship to the United States. The ship has a capacity of 2,400,000 cubic feet, and Germany will be credited with \$2,200,000 on reparation account when the ship is formally accepted by this government. This amount represents the American share of a special reparation assessed against Germany because of the destruction, after the Armistice, of one half dozen complete war Zeppelins, which, under the Armistice terms, Germany had agreed to turn over to her late enemies. It was agreed later to permit Germany to replace one ship, as the portion of the United States, on condition that the new ship should never be used for military purposes. There were 32 passengers on the ZR-3, and on arrival in the United States, the fuel tanks held enough to have carried her a goodly part of the distance to the Pacific coast, notwithstanding she had already traveled 5,066 miles in a non-stop journey, in a continuous flight of 80.17 hours. This is the fourth successful attempt of humans to span the Atlantic Ocean in non-stop flights.

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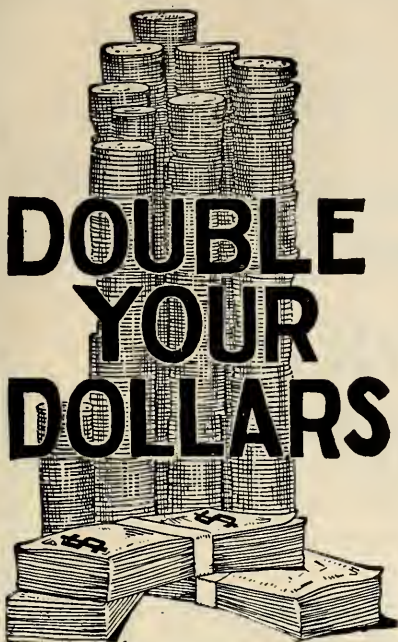
Heber J. Grant.  
Edward H. Anderson, }

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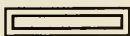
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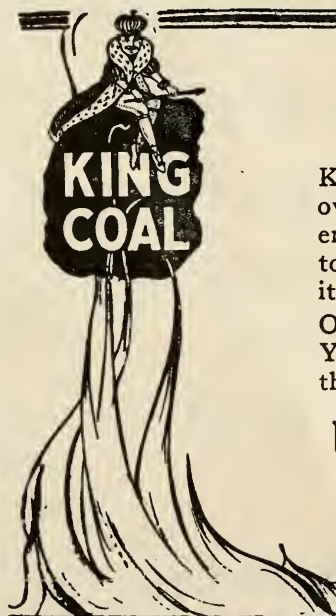
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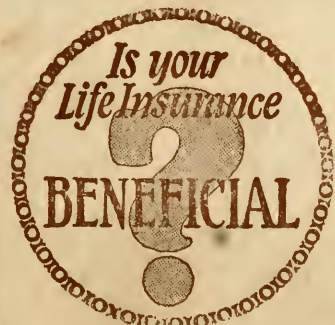
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